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# TARGET COMICS

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Featuring:

**WHITE STREAK**

64 Pages All In  
Full Color



Withering attackers with sparkling eyes, the White Streak swung up his electric ladder!

Vol. 1 - No. 4

**BULL'S-EYE BILL • LUCKY BYRD • CITY EDITOR • T-MEN • 2-R**

AND  
FIVE  
OTHERS





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# MANOWAR THE WHITE STREAK

by CARL BURGOS



THE EERIE WAIL OF THE AIRRAID WARNING ECHOES AS A SQUADRON OF MYSTERY PLANES FLIES OVER THE CITY OF LONDON — SENDING THE PEOPLE SHRIEKING TO SHELTERS.

-GET EVERYONE TO BOMB SHELTERS! -BLIMEY! -DID YOU SEE THAT STRANGE PERSON DART AROUND THE BUILDING?

-AYE! -A QUEER LOOKING CHAP REMINDS ME OF A NEWS-PAPER PICTURE I SAW OF A FELLOW KNOWN AS MANOWAR - THE WHITE STREAK!



-BUT WHAT'S HE DOING HERE IN LONDON?

-I WISH I KNEW. -TH' STREETS ARE CLEAR, LET'S GO TO OUR STATIONS!



-AS MANOWAR MOVES THRU THE CITY, ANOTHER WHISTLE SOUNDS - THIS TIME A GAS RAID WARNING! THE SOLDIERS HURRIEDLY DON THEIR GAS MASKS.



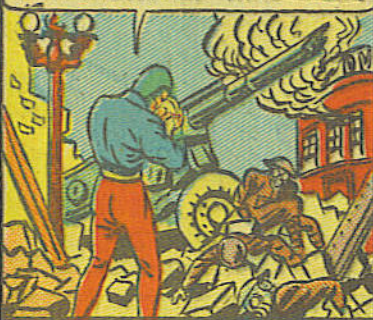
-IN A FLASH, MANOWAR'S EYES SPARK, AND A SCREEN OF GAS RESISTING ELECTRONS WRAP THEMSELVES TIGHTLY AROUND HIS BODY! -





AS THE GAS CLEARS, MANOWAR WIPES AWAY HIS ELECTRONIC SCREEN—ONLY TO SEE MASKED SOLDIERS LYING SPRAWLED IN ALL DIRECTIONS—

JUMPING ELECTRONS! THESE MASKS SMELL AWFUL! THE GAS PENETRATED THRU THEM!



—HM-M! CARLTON SUPPLY CO. —THEY MAKE ARMY SUPPLIES— AND DEAD MEN OF THOSE WHO USE THEIR MASKS. THEY'LL PAY DEARLY FOR THIS!



—BLIMY! —I'M SEEIN' THINGS! 'OLD ON STRANGER— AND NO TRICKS!



MANOWAR WHIRLS SUDDENLY—A SHARP CRACK ON THE JAW SENDS THE SOLDIER FLYING ACROSS THE STREET!—



—NOW MISTER, WHERE'S THE CARLTON ARMY SUPPLY CO. LOCATED?

—BETWEEN NELSON AND REGINA SQUARES, BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET THERE!



—THINK SO? —HOW'S THIS?—



MEANWHILE, IN THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE OF THE CARLTON ARMY SUPPLY CO.

—THOSE MYSTERY PLANES DID LITTLE DAMAGE. —BUT YOUR GAS MASKS WERE TO BLAME FOR THE MOST VICIOUS CASE OF MASS MURDER, I'VE EVER HEARD OF, REYNOLDS!—

THOSE MASKS WERE CHECKED BY THE GOVERNMENT. YOU DARE ACCUSE ME OF MURDER?



—I DO! —THERE'S NO OTHER EXPLANATION!

—YOU'RE A FOOL. —WHY SHOULD I DO A THING LIKE THAT?



—AH, I SEE IT ALL NOW! —THE PEOPLE THINK I'VE SOLD THEM OUT FOR MERE GOLD! —IN OTHER WORDS, THEY SAY I'M A TRAITOR! —GOOD DAY, SIR!





-YOUR BROTHER AND I WERE THE BEST OF FRIENDS, REYNOLDS!  
-I'M LEAVING THIS GUN FOR YOU TO TAKE THE GENTLEMAN'S WAY OUT.  
-GOOD DAY!-



-HAH! THE FOOL!-TO THINK I'D COMMIT SUICIDE WHEN I CAN CLEAN UP A FORTUNE MANUFACTURING INFERIOR WAR SUPPLIES!-



-SUDDENLY, THE WALL BEHIND REYNOLDS PARTS, AND MANOWAR COMES CRASHING THROUGH!



PUT UP YOUR HANDS! WHO ARE YOU?

-THE WHITE STREAK-  
BREAKER OF WAR PROFITEERS!  
-PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD OF ME!-



-YES, -ER, -BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?

-THOSE GAS MASKS YOU MADE ARE FAR BELOW STANDARD, -AND MEN WHO HAVE USED THEM DIED! -UNDERSTAND REYNOLDS?



-YOU'RE THE SECOND PERSON TODAY TO SAY THE SAME THING!-TO PROVE HOW WRONG YOU ARE, SUPPOSE WE GO TO THE FACTORY WHERE YOU CAN EXAMINE THE MASKS?-



-LATER

HERE, LOOK AT THESE-THE BEST IN THE WORLD!-

-YES, THEY'RE MADE OF PERFECT MATERIAL, AND HAVE THE PROPER PURIFYING CHEMICALS IN THE NOZZLE!



WHILE MANOWAR IS EXAMINING THE MASKS, TWO WORKMEN ENTER NOISELESSLY-

-PSST-BRADY! THE BOSS IS SHOWING THAT BLOKE THE GOOD MASKS!-SOMETHING'S WRONG!

AYE-LET'S GET 'IM!



-THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WRONG WITH THESE MASKS, REYNOLDS!-THEY'RE NOT THE SAME THE SOLDIERS WORE!-

Y'DON'T SAY?





-AS MANOWAR GRASPS REYNOLDS, BRADY'S GUN CRASHES DOWN FULL FORCE ON MANOWAR'S HEAD!-



-GOOD WORK, BRADY!-HE'S THE ONLY ONE I WAS AFRAID OF. BUT NOW WE'LL FINISH HIM FOR GOOD!-



LATER AS MANOWAR OPENS HIS EYES, HE FINDS HIMSELF CHAINED TO TWO AUTOS, BOTH READY TO SPEED IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS!



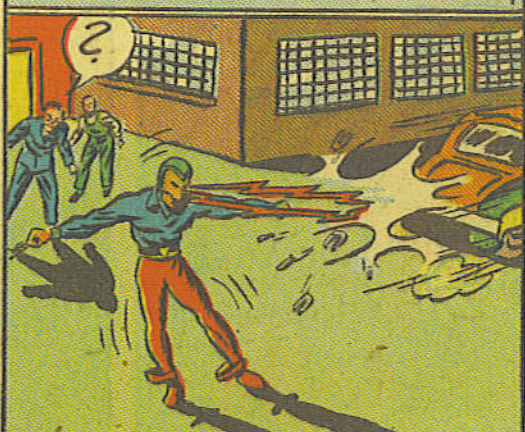
-I'M GLAD YOU CAME TO, MANOWAR! I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO MISS YOUR OWN DESTRUCTION!-  
-GOOD-BYE!



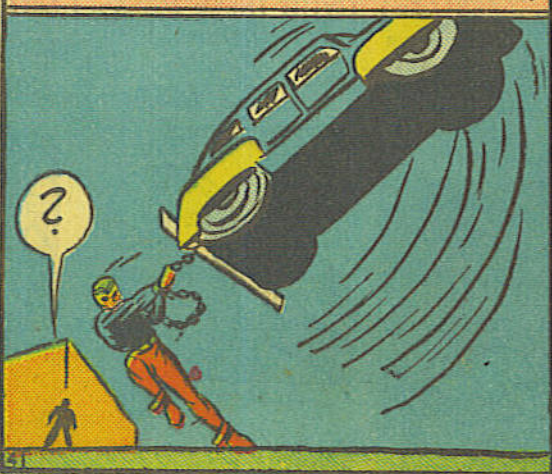
-READY-  
-SET-  
**GO!**



-MOTORS TURN, AND THE CARS SHOOT FORWARD! AT THE SAME TIME MANOWAR FLASHES HIS EYES AND A BLAST OF SHARP, ICY ELECTRONS SNAPS THE CHAINS!



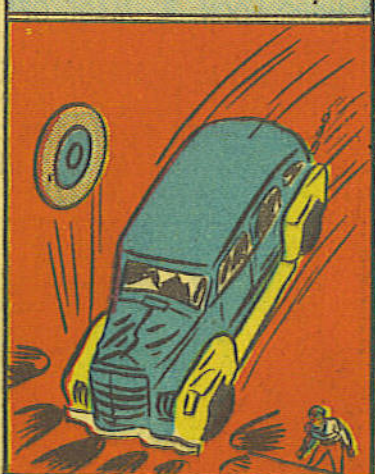
-BRACING HIMSELF, MANOWAR PITS HIS STRENGTH AGAINST THE SECOND CAR, AND WITH A MIGHTY TUG, LIFTS IT HIGH INTO THE AIR!



-A SECOND BURST OF ELECTRONS SPLITS THE LAST CHAIN!-



-WHILE THE AUTO FLIES THRU THE AIR AND CRASHES IN A HEAP ON THE GROUND!





LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!—  
THRU THE TUNNEL—IT'S  
OUR ONLY ESCAPE FROM  
HIM!—



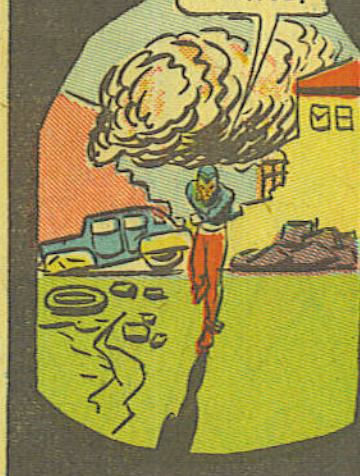
LET'S GIVE UP! HE'LL GET US  
ANYWAY!—

SCARED, EH?—  
YOU'LL NEVER  
BE AGAIN!—

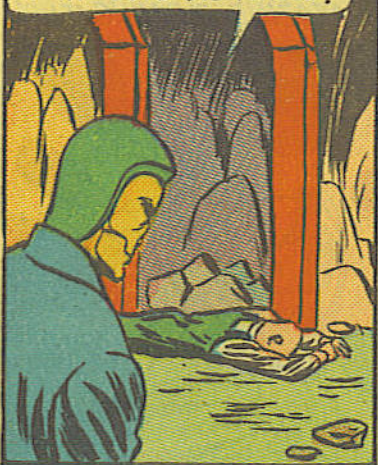
WHY—  
YOU—OH!!



I SAW THEM  
HEAD THRU THIS  
TUNNEL!



—THIS TUNNEL SURE IS DARK!  
—WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE ONE  
OF THE BOYS DISAGREED!—

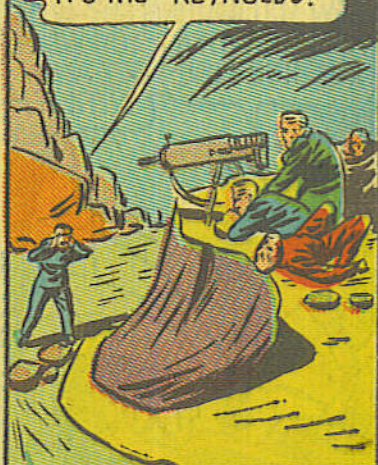


—WHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF  
THE PASSAGE—

—THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!  
IF I REACH THE TOWER, IT'LL BE  
THE END OF THE WHITE STREAK!



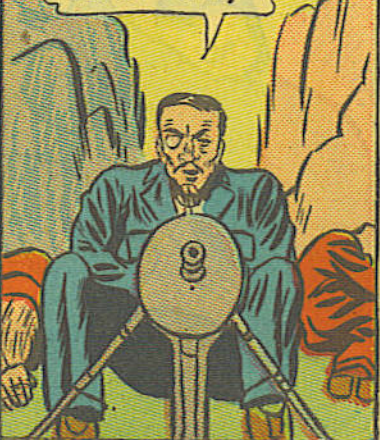
HELLO, UP THERE!—  
WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER?  
—IT'S ME—REYNOLDS!—



—GOOD GRIEF!—  
THEY'VE BEEN  
GASSED!

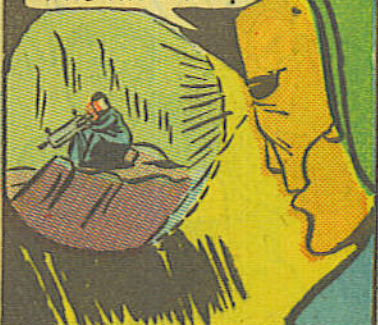


—TOO BAD!—BUT WHEN THE  
WHITE STREAK COMES  
ROUND THE BEND, I'LL  
BLAST HIM!—



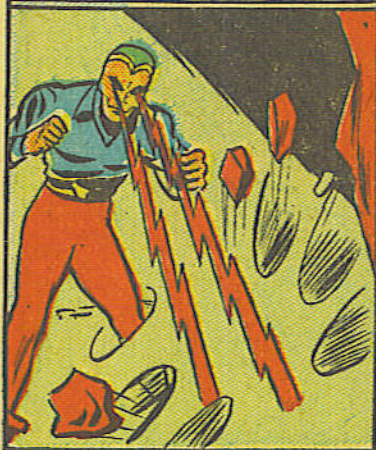
NEAR THE BEND MANOWAR  
PIERCES THE WALL WITH HIS  
X-RAY EYES!—

HAH!—  
SO REYNOLDS  
THINKS I'LL WALK  
INTO HIS TRAP!—

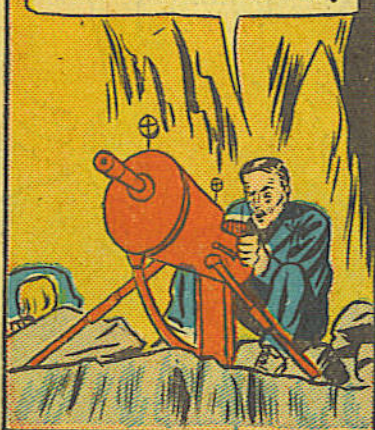




IN A FLASH, MANOWAR SHOOTS HIGH POWERED ELECTRONS DIRECTLY INTO THE WALL!



-WHAT'S THAT BOOMING NOISE?—WHERE'S THE WHITE STREAK? HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE LONG AGO!—



REYNOLDS WHIRLS ABOUT AS THE WALL CRUMBLES BEHIND HIM!—

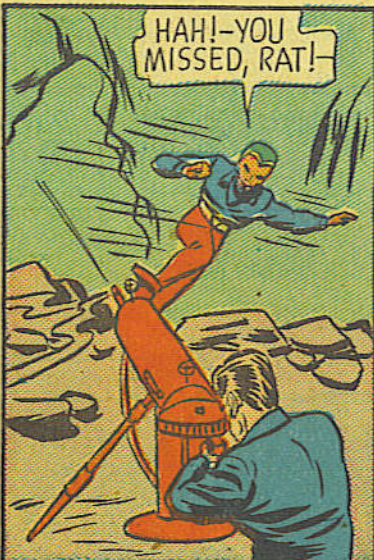
-IT'S HIM!—HE CUT THRU THE WALL!—



AMAZING, EH?—WHEN I TURNED ON MY X-RAY POWER I SAW YOU WAITING FOR ME WITH A MACHINE GUN!—

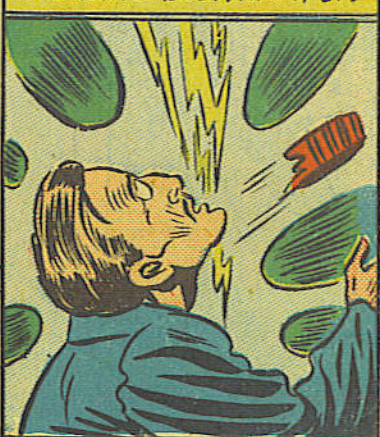


-SO YOU CUT THRU THE ROCK, EH?—WELL, YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT!—



HAH!—YOU MISSED, RAT!—

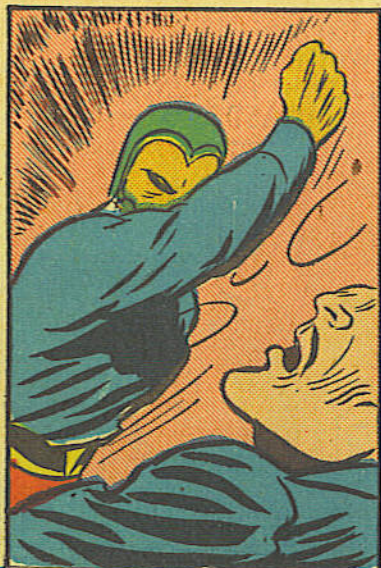
-THEN FROM MANOWAR'S EYES SHARP BLASTS OF ELECTRONS KNIFE INTO THE MACHINE-GUN'S MAGAZINE—BLOWING IT UP!—



DAZED FROM THE EXPLOSION, REYNOLDS TRIES TO ESCAPE!—



OH, NO YOU DON'T!—



NOW, REYNOLDS, I'M GOING TO TURN YOU OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES!—YOUR PUNISHMENT WILL BE A WARNING TO OTHER WAR PROFITEERS!



NEXT MONTH—  
ANOTHER COMPLETE  
**WHITE STREAK**  
PICTURE-ACTION  
STORY.



# T-MEN

ANOTHER  
THRILLING  
ADVENTURE OF  
U.S. TREASURY  
DEPARTMENT  
AGENTS

"CHICK" FARRELL,  
T-MAN, RUNS  
HEADLONG INTO  
TROUBLE WHEN  
HE IS ASSIGNED TO  
CRACK A COUNTER-  
FEITING LOTTERY  
RING.

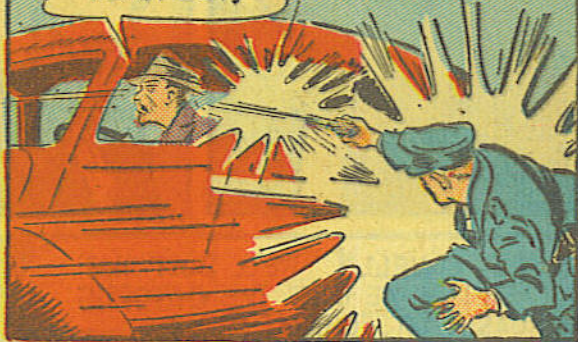
No. 4128001  
WESTWOOD HOSPITAL'S BE  
\$2.50  
SWEEPSTAKES  
TO BE RUN OCTOBER  
SUBJECT TO FOLLOWING CONDITIONS

THE CAR SWERVES AND STRIKES THE OFFICER,  
WHO GOES DOWN FIRING!

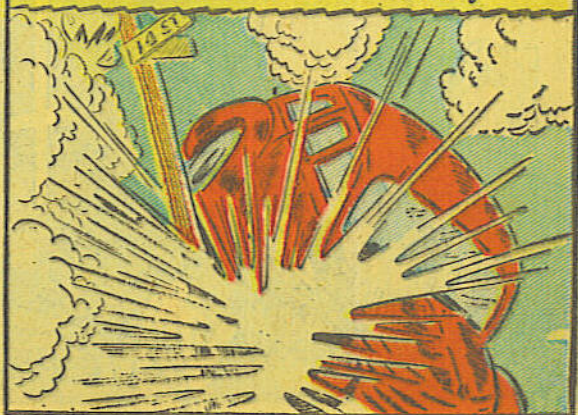
OUTA' MY WAY,  
FLATFOOT!



A BIG SEDAN RUSHES MADLY DOWN A BUSY  
STREET. A TRAFFIC COP'S WHISTLE  
SHRILLS AND .....



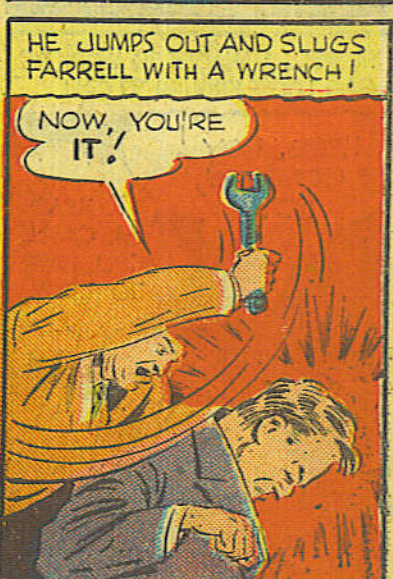
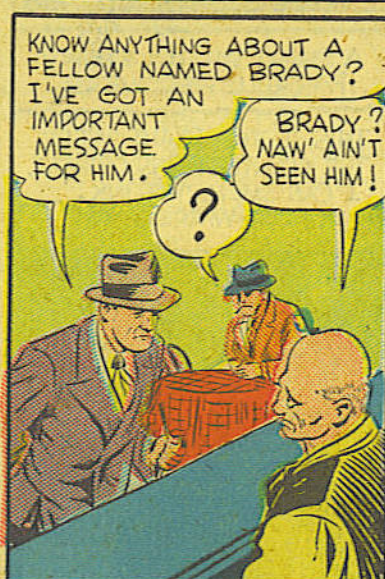
THE BULLETS FIND THEIR MARK!















NOW, WHAT'LL WE DO WITH HIM?

TIE 'IM UP 'AN STICK A BLINDFOLD ON 'IM!



HE'S A T-MAN, HUH?

THAT'S WHAT I THINK, ANYHOW, THE BOSS'LL KNOW!



WHAT IF HE FINDS OUT WHERE THIS PLANT IS?

HOW CAN HE, FIXED THE WAY HE IS?



WHAT'LL WE DO WITH 'IM?

PUT HIM IN THE CELLAR. THE BOSS'LL BE BACK SOON.



A SHORT WHILE LATER, FARRELL RECOVERS.

THIS IS THE PLANT WHERE THE COUNTERFEITERS OPERATE. I CAN SMELL THE INK. WONDER WHERE I AM?



I HEAR A DOG... THAT'S THE SOUND OF IT'S LICENSE PLATE HANGING ON THE COLLAR. IF I COULD WORK THIS GAG LOOSE, MAYBE.....



FARRELL MANAGES TO WORK HIS GAG LOOSE ENOUGH TO CALL...

HERE, BOY! COME ON, BOY!

I HEAR A CAR! I'LL HAVE TO HURRY!



THE DOG COMES OVER TO FARRELL AND GRABS ONE OF THE COOKIES OUT OF THE BAG!

THE CELLAR DOOR OPENED! IF I CAN JUST.....



GOT IT! JUST IN TIME!



GET UP ON YOUR FEET!  
THE BOSS WANTS TO SEE  
YOU, BRIGHT BOY!

MY BOSS  
WANTS TO  
SEE HIM,  
TOO!

FARRELL IS  
LED UPSTAIRS  
INTO A BIG  
ROOM, WHERE  
HE HEARS  
THE SOUND  
OF A  
PRINTING  
PRESS AND  
MUCH  
ACTIVITY!

SO, THIS IS THE T-MAN,  
EH! WELL, TAKE A  
LOOK AT HIM NOW!

JUST HOW MUCH DO  
YOU MUGS KNOW  
ABOUT ME?  
WELL,  
SPEAK  
UP!

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE GOT  
QUITE A LAYOUT HERE! IT  
MUST BE FUN TO DUPE A  
BUNCH OF SLICKERS! WONDER  
HOW MANY OF THEM PRAYED  
FOR THEIR PHONEY  
TICKET TO WIN  
THEM A FEW  
BUCKS!

NOBODY TALKS THAT WAY  
TO ME AND GETS AWAY  
WITH IT! TAKE HIM OUT,  
BUTCH! YOU KNOW  
WHERE!

NICE FELLOW, YOUR BOSS!  
WORKED HIS WAY UP  
STEALING FROM  
BLIND MEN,  
I'LL BET!

SHUT UP,  
WISE GUY!

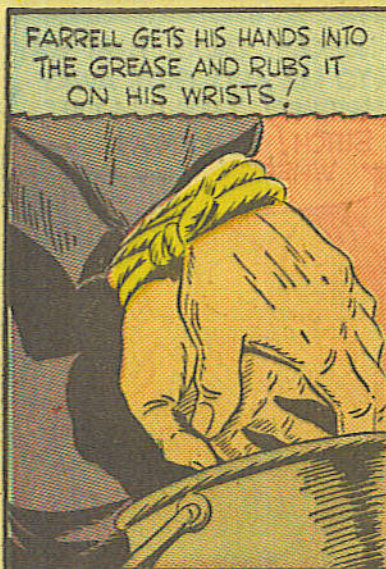
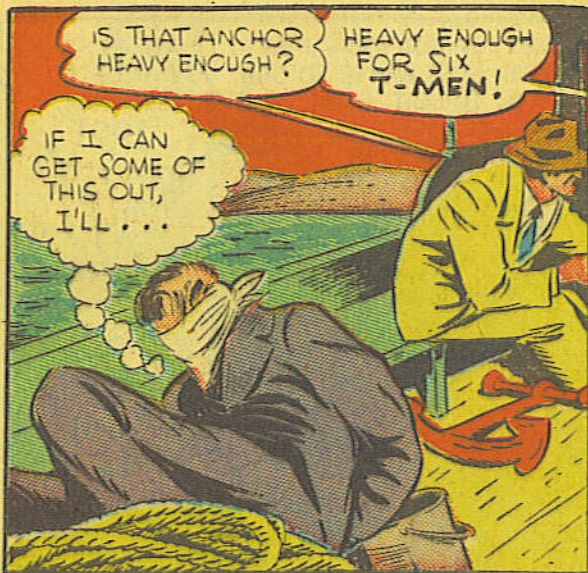
THE MURDER CAR SPEEDS AWAY  
TOWARDS A LARGE LAKE.

MUCH FARTHER,  
BUTCH?

NAW... A  
FEW MILES.

YOU HOLD TH' BOAT, PETE.  
WE DON'T WANT 'IM TO  
SLIP.....YET!







AS HE WENT INTO THE WATER, FARRELL SLIPPED HIS GREASED HANDS OUT OF THE BONDS THAT HELD HIS WRISTS!

HIS HANDS FREE, "CHICK" MADLY STRUGGLED WITH THE ROPES THAT TIED HIM TO THE ANCHOR!



HIS LUNGS BURSTING, THE T-MAN FINALLY FREES HIMSELF!

GOOD! THE BOAT HAS LEFT! NOW TO GET TO A PHONE!



FIRST HE CALLED THE TOWN CLERK, THEN...

HELLO, POLICE HEADQUARTERS? LET ME TALK TO "BULL" MADDEN.....



A HALF HOUR LATER...

I WONDERED WHERE YOU WAS. YOU GOT ANY MORE OF THEM COOKIES?

NO! THANK HEAVENS!



THE POLICE COMPLETELY SURPRISES THE GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS, AND...

NO YOU DON'T!

GET 'EM UP YOU! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!

IT'S THE COPS! BURN THOSE BOOKS!



I ALWAYS PAY MY DEBTS PROMPTLY!



I THOUGHT YOU GOT RID OF HIM!

I DID! HOW'D HE GET BACK HERE?

YEAH, "CHICK"... HOW'D YOU FIND THIS PLACE AGAIN?



IT WAS EASY, "BULL". AFTER I HAD THIS DOG LICENSE ALL I HAD TO DO WAS CHECK THE OWNER THROUGH THE TOWN CLERK!



WELL, I'LL BE... SAY! DIDN'T I TELL YOU THIS CASE WOULD BE A CINCH?



ANOTHER  
**MAN**  
ADVENTURE  
IN NEXT MONTH'S  
**TARGET COMICS!**



MY WHA  
BOMB-  
SIGHT  
BOOMERANG

# LUCKY BYRD

Flying Cadet

"LUCKY" BYRD, FLYING CADET AT RANDOLPH FIELD, OUR "WEST POINT OF THE AIR," HAS HAD AN EXCITING TIME WITH SPIES AND SABOTEURS SINCE HIS ARRIVAL THERE.....  
 IT'S HIS TIME HE IS FALSELY ACCUSED OF STEALING AN ARMY SECRET.....  
 THE CLUE BY WHICH LUCKY UNMASKS THE REAL CULPRIT, CAN BE FOUND IN THE CONVERSATION IN THIS EPISODE.....  
**CAN YOU FIND IT?**

## GLOSSARY OF CADET SLANG

C.O.....COMMANDING OFFICER  
 RIP-CORD.....A CORD WHICH OPENS A PARACHUTE FOR A JUMP

MISTER.....ALL CADETS ARE MISTER  
 SET DOWN.....U.S. TRAINED PILOTS' SLANG FOR LANDING A PLANE

HEY, LUCKY!.....THE C.O.'S GOT ONE OF THOSE NEW SECRET BOMB-SIGHTS IN HIS OFFICE!

I HEARD THAT TOO, JIM!

THAT NIGHT,.....IN LUCKY'S ROOM.

NOW WHAT'S THIS?

Mr. Byrd:  
 Report to Maj. Adams' office at once. This is most urgent.

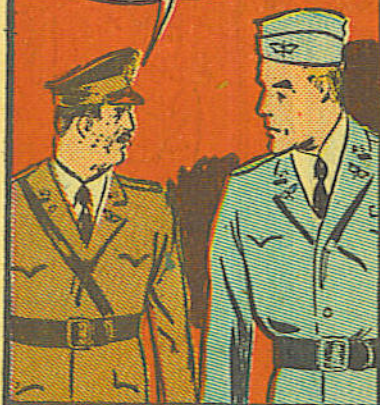
WONDER WHAT THE MAJOR WANTS?.....WHY,...HIS OFFICE IS DARK!



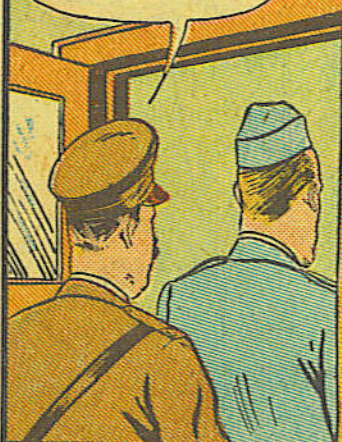




THIS IS ALL VERY ODD, BYRD!  
I RECEIVED A PHONE CALL  
TELLING ME THAT A PROWLER  
HAD BEEN SEEN NEAR  
MY OFFICE!



WE'D BETTER FIND CAPTAIN  
JAMES, THE MILITARY INTELLI-  
GENCE MAN SENT TO GUARD  
THE BOMB SIGHT!



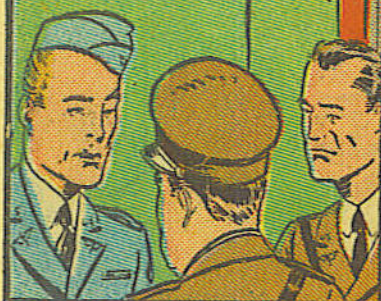
BYRD, THIS IS CAPTAIN  
JAMES, A PILOT, ASSIGNED TO  
MILITARY INTELLIGENCE!  
JAMES, THE BOMB-SIGHT'S  
BEEN STOLEN!.....AND.....I  
FOUND BYRD IN MY  
OFFICE, NEAR THE  
OPEN SAFE!

WHAT  
ARE YOU  
WAITING FOR?  
**ARREST HIM!**



MAJOR, I KNOW I DIDN'T DO  
IT!...**YOU DON'T**, BUT, IF YOU'LL  
LEAVE ME AT LIBERTY FOR 24  
HOURS, I MAY BE ABLE  
TO FIND THE THIEF  
...AND THE SIGHT!

**ABSURD!**  
THAT'S ONLY  
A STALL!



CAPTAIN, I BELIEVE BYRD!  
BESIDES, HE HAS CRACKED  
SEVERAL CASES ALREADY!  
ALL RIGHT, BYRD,.....YOU  
HAVE 24 HOURS TO  
CLEAR YOURSELF!

THANK  
YOU, SIR!

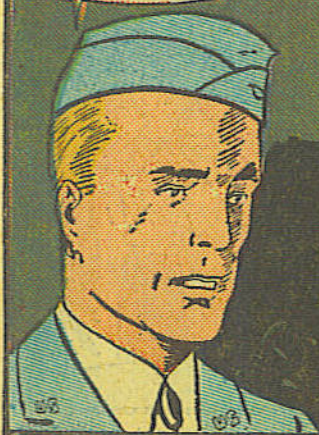


NOW WHAT DO I DO?...I'VE  
ONLY 24 HOURS IN WHICH  
TO STRAIGHTEN OUT  
THIS MESS!

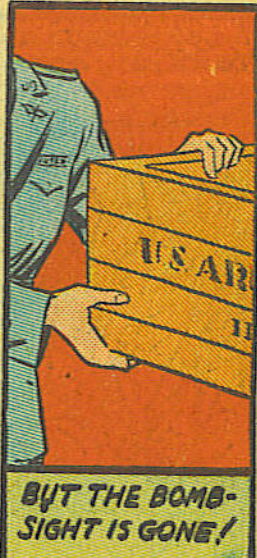
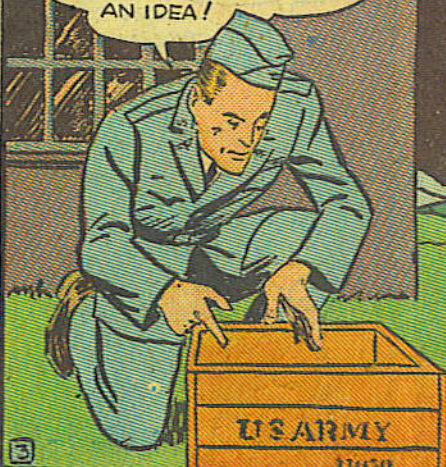


OUTSIDE, LUCKY DOES SOME THINKING.

THERE'S NOT EVEN A STARTING  
POINT, EXCEPT THAT SOMEONE  
IS TRYING TO PIN THAT  
THEFT ON ME!

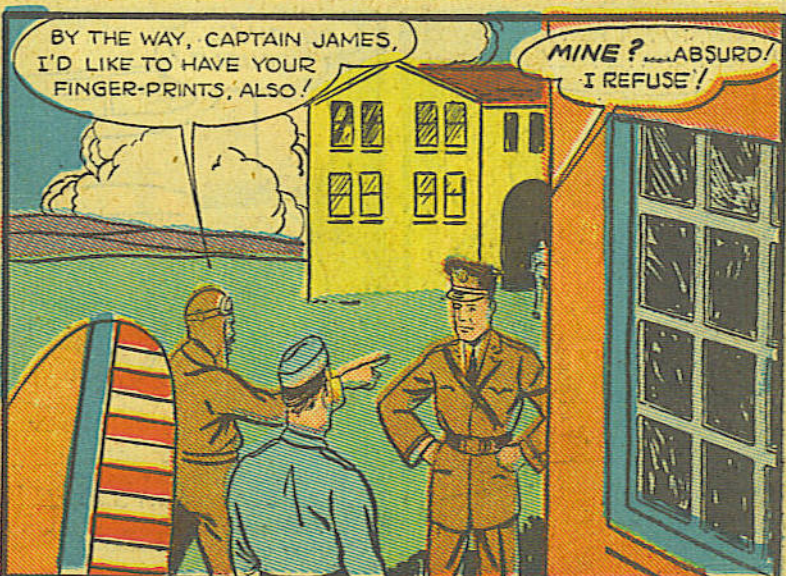
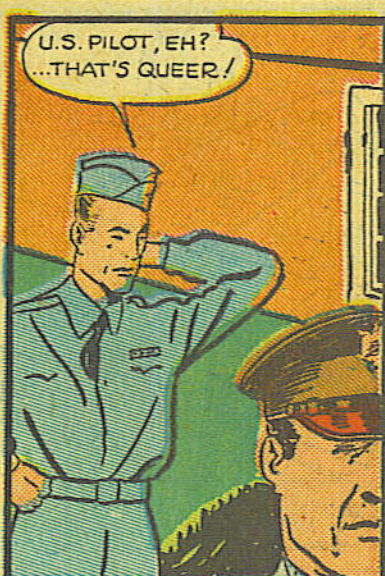
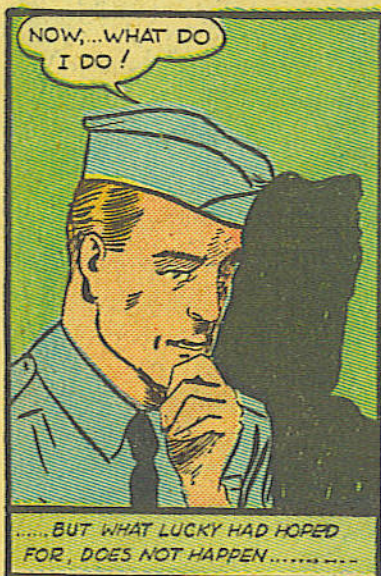


**WHAT'S THIS?** .....THE BOX  
THAT HELD THE BOMB-SIGHT!  
S-A-A-Y! THIS GIVES ME  
AN IDEA!



**BUT THE BOMB-  
SIGHT IS GONE!**

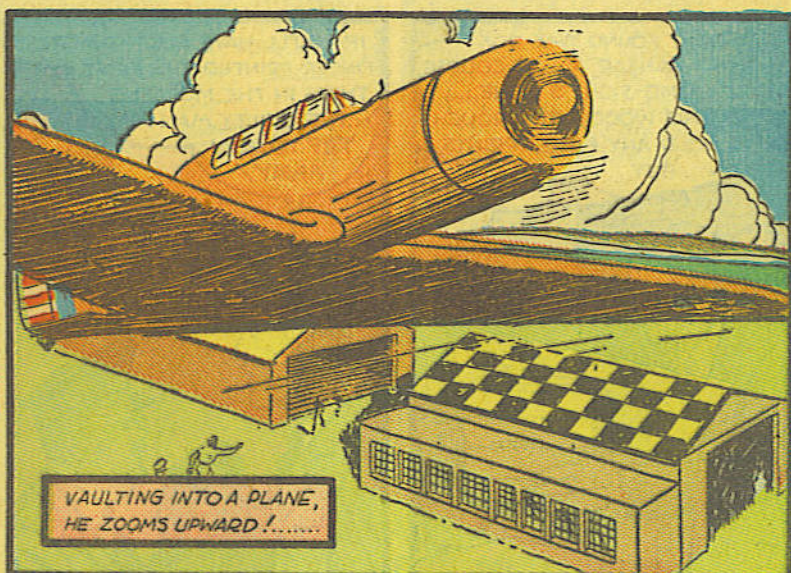




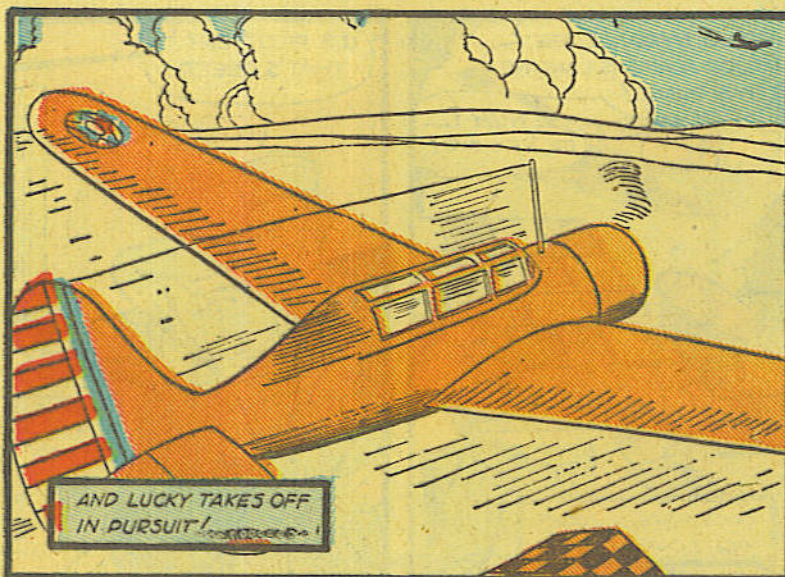




SUDDENLY, CAPTAIN JAMES TURNS,  
AND TAKES TO HIS HEELS!



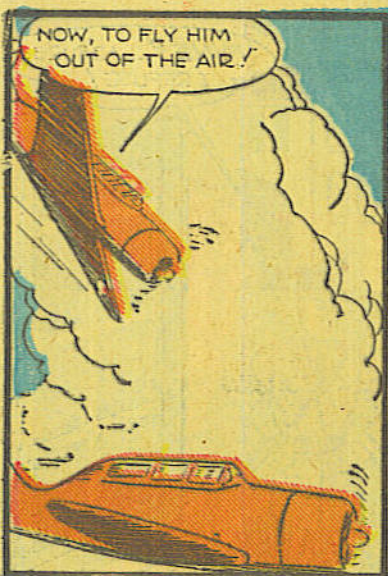
VAULTING INTO A PLANE,  
HE ZOOMS UPWARD!.....



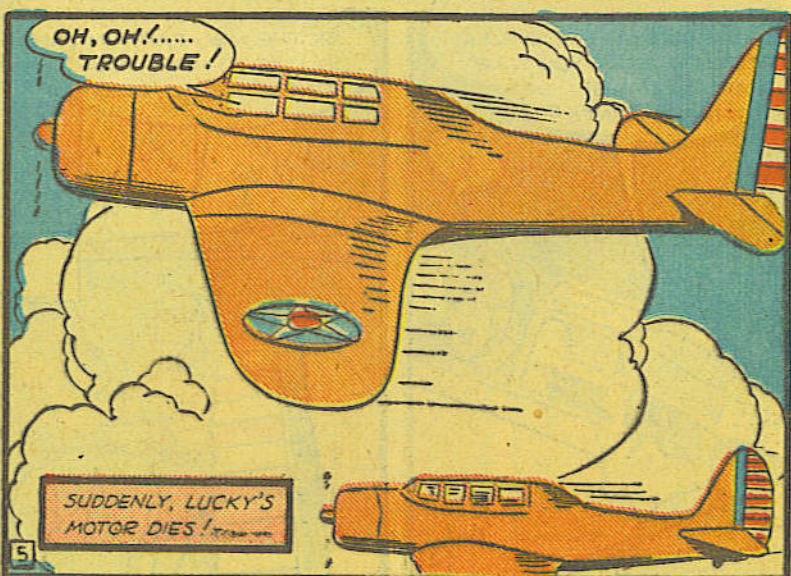
AND LUCKY TAKES OFF  
IN PURSUIT!



I'M GAINING ON  
THAT BUZZARD



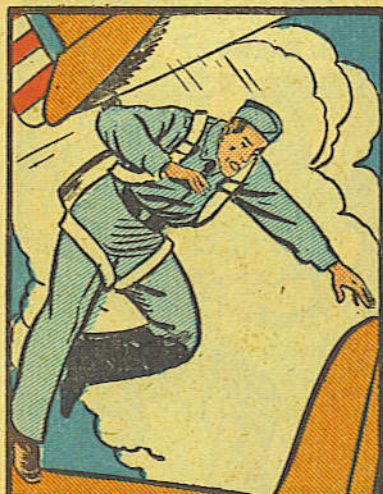
NOW, TO FLY HIM  
OUT OF THE AIR!



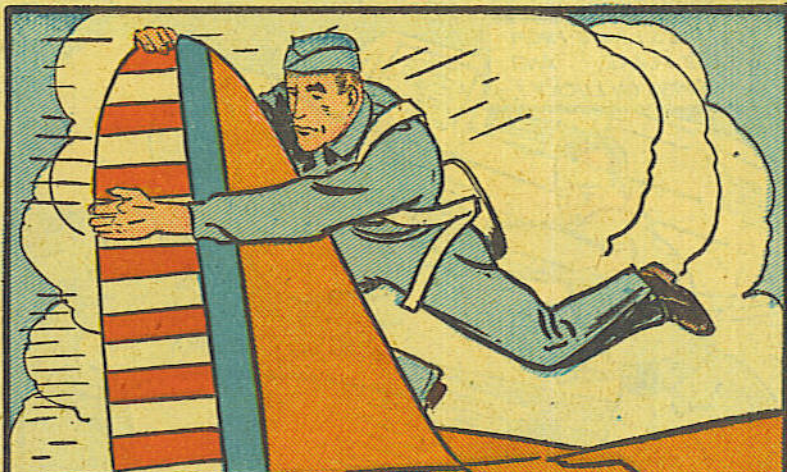
OH, OH!.....  
TROUBLE!

SUDDENLY, LUCKY'S  
MOTOR DIES!

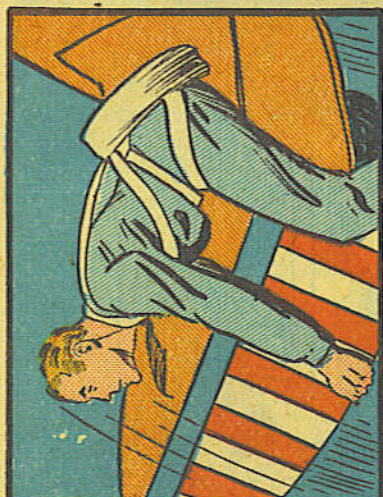




CAREFUL NOT TO PULL HIS RIP-CORD,..... LUCKY JUMPS!



..... AND LANDS ON THE TAIL OF CAPT. JAMES' SHIP.



IN AN ATTEMPT TO GET RID OF LUCKY, JAMES LOOPS, ..



SET THIS SHIP DOWN, I TELL YOU!

..... BUT LUCKY HANGS ON LIKE GRIM DEATH!

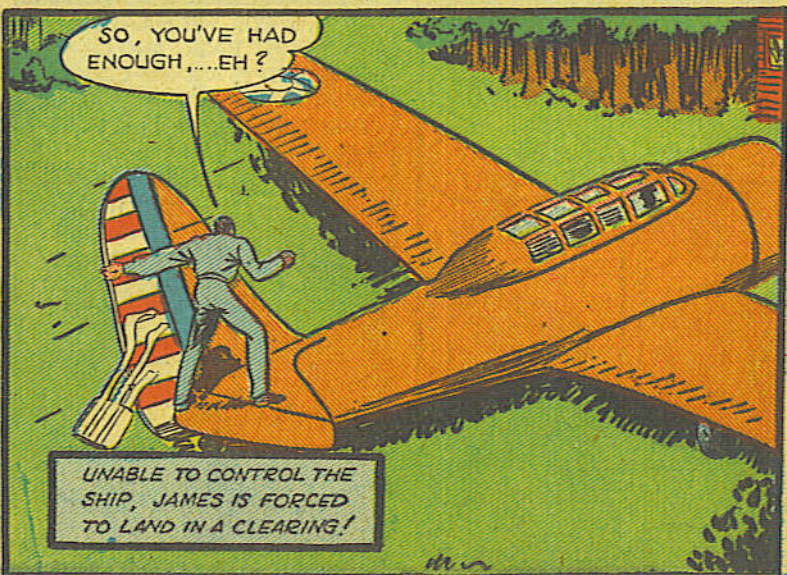


NO?... ALL RIGHT, MY FRIEND, I'LL WORK THE CONTROLS FROM THIS END!

AS LUCKY TWISTS THE RUDDER AND ELEVATORS,..... THE SHIP CAREENS WILDLY!.....



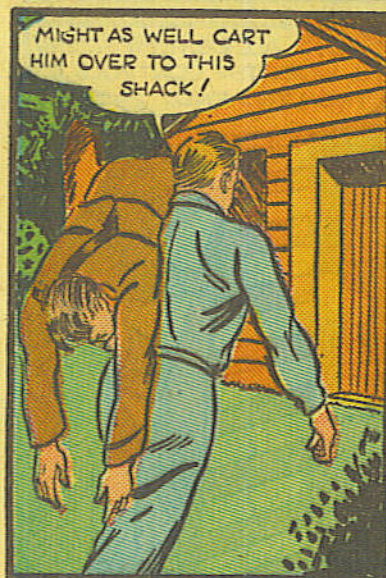
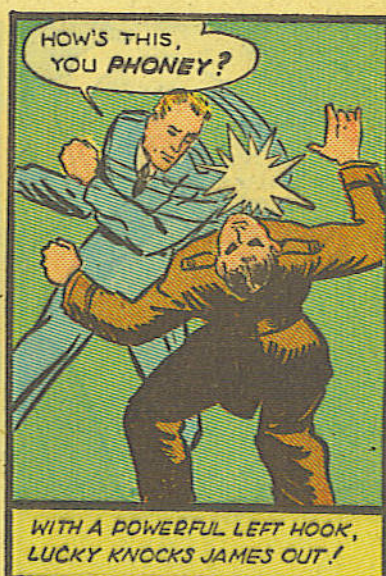
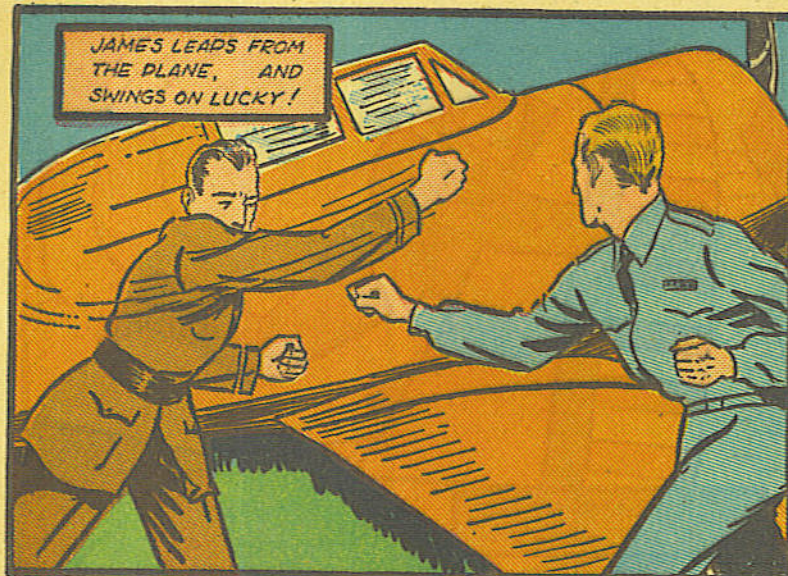
THIS IS BAD!



SO, YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH,....EH?

UNABLE TO CONTROL THE SHIP, JAMES IS FORCED TO LAND IN A CLEARING!





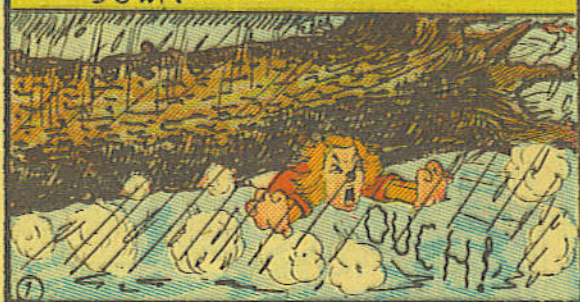


# LITTLE PUPPET MAN.

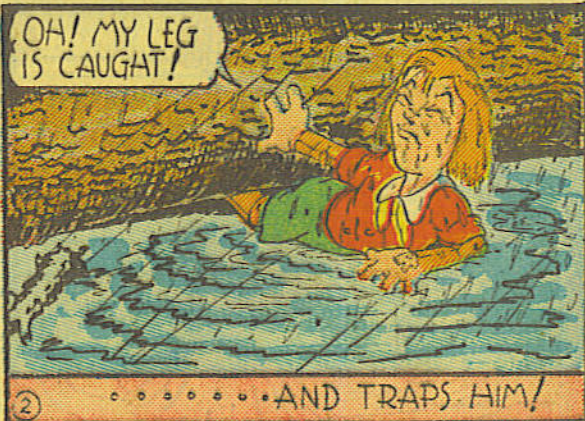
by John Spina.



AS WOODY HURRIES THROUGH THE WOODS, A HUGE TREE CRASHES DOWN.....



OH! MY LEG IS CAUGHT!



.....AND TRAPS HIM!

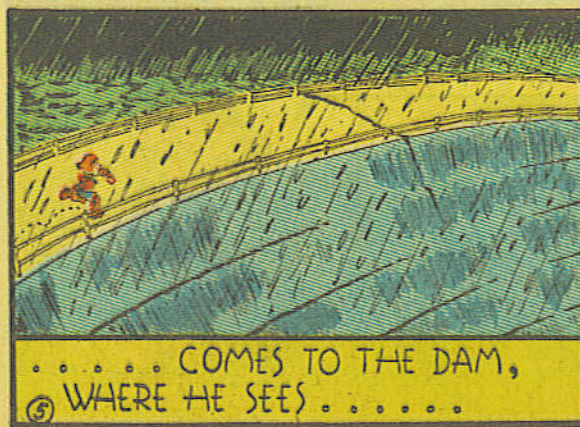
THERE! I'VE ONLY ONE LEG BUT I'M FREE!



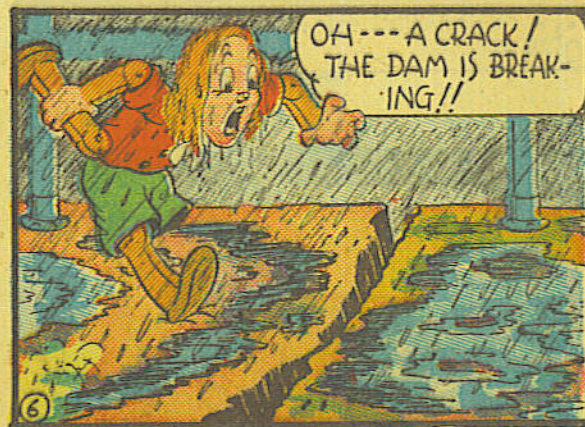
I'LL HAVE TO HOP NOW UNTIL I GET MY LEG FIXED.



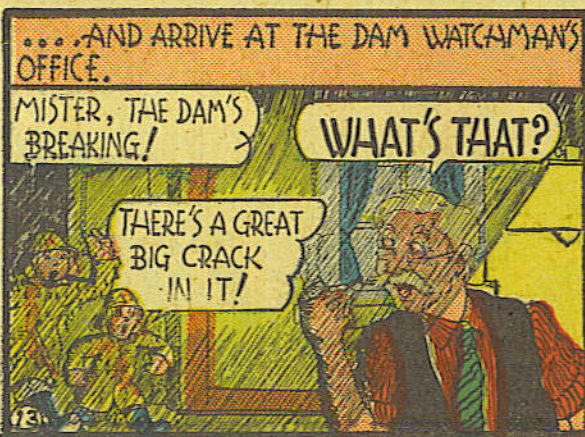
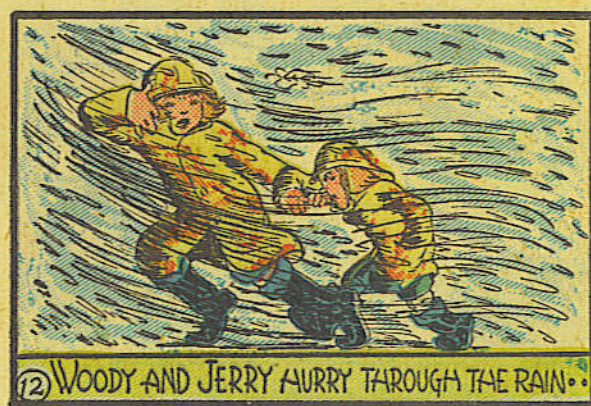
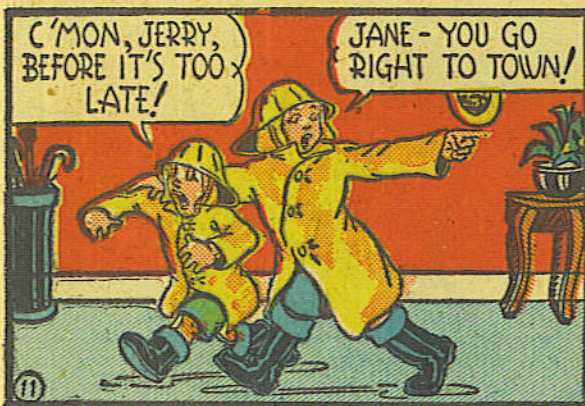
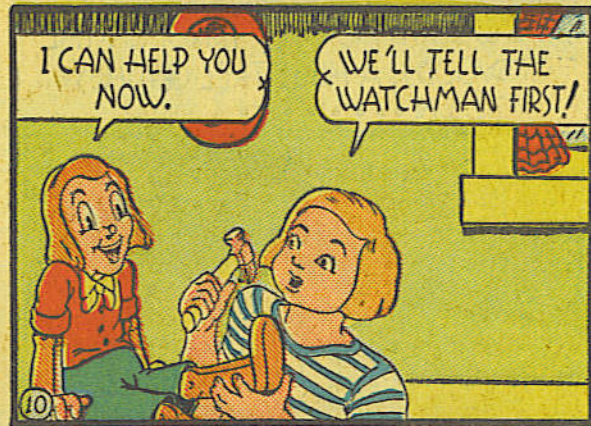
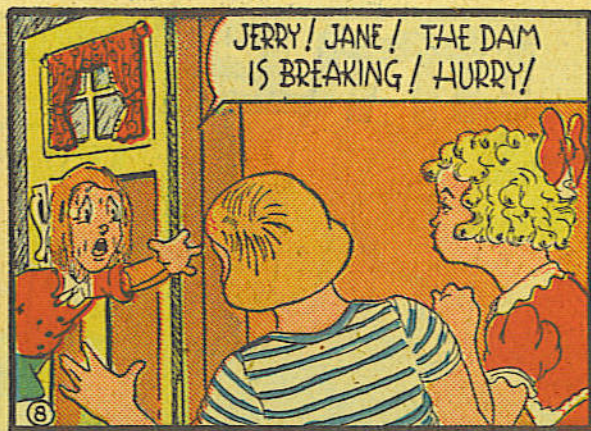
HOPPING BRAVELY THROUGH THE DRIVING STORM, WOODY.....



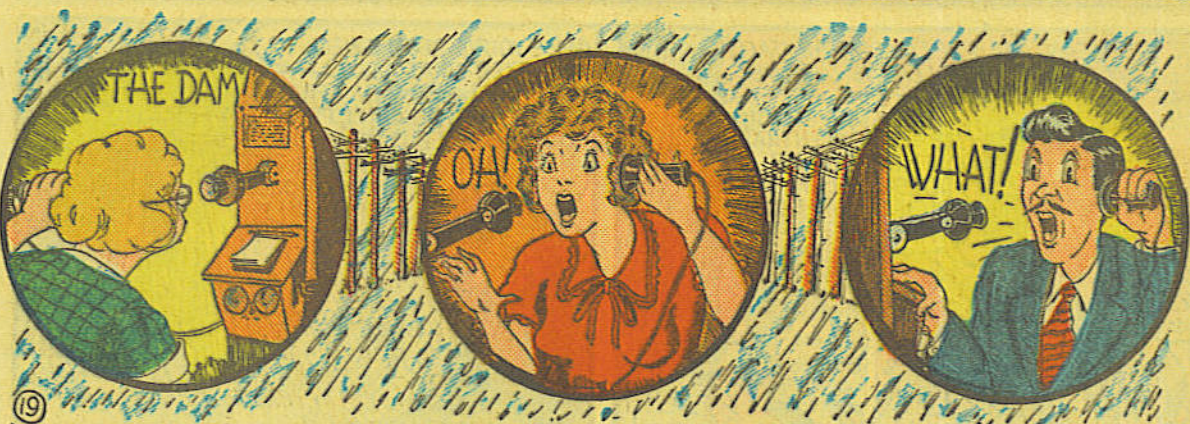
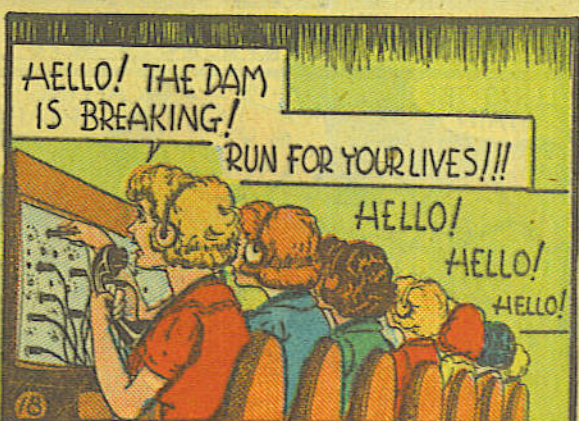
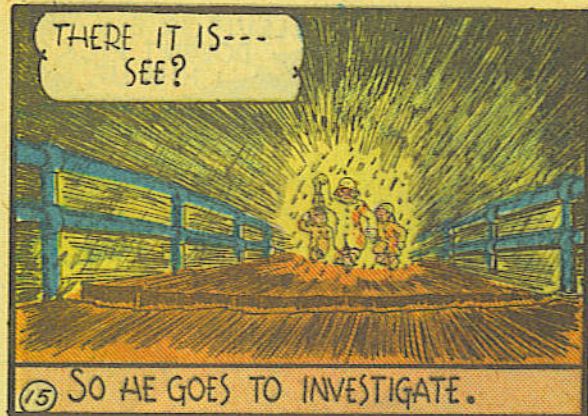
OH---A CRACK! THE DAM IS BREAKING!!











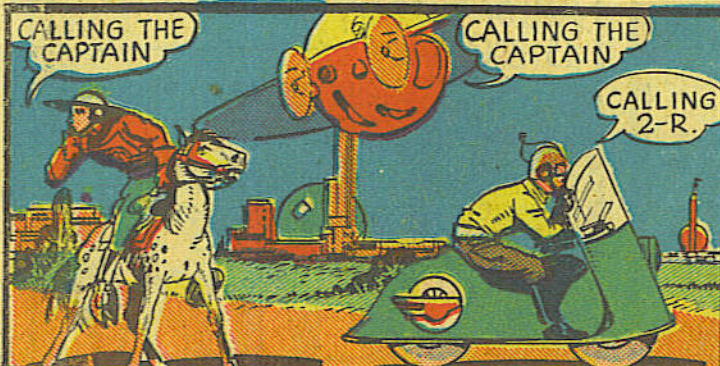


CALLING  
2-R  
CALLING  
2-R

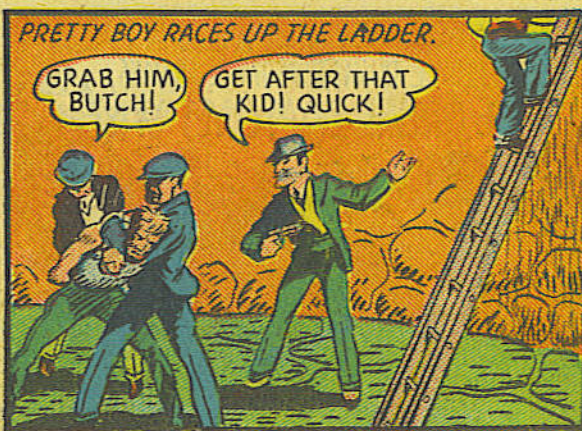
CALLING  
THE  
CAPTAIN

THE TELEVISOR EYE  
DOESN'T PICK  
HIM UP.

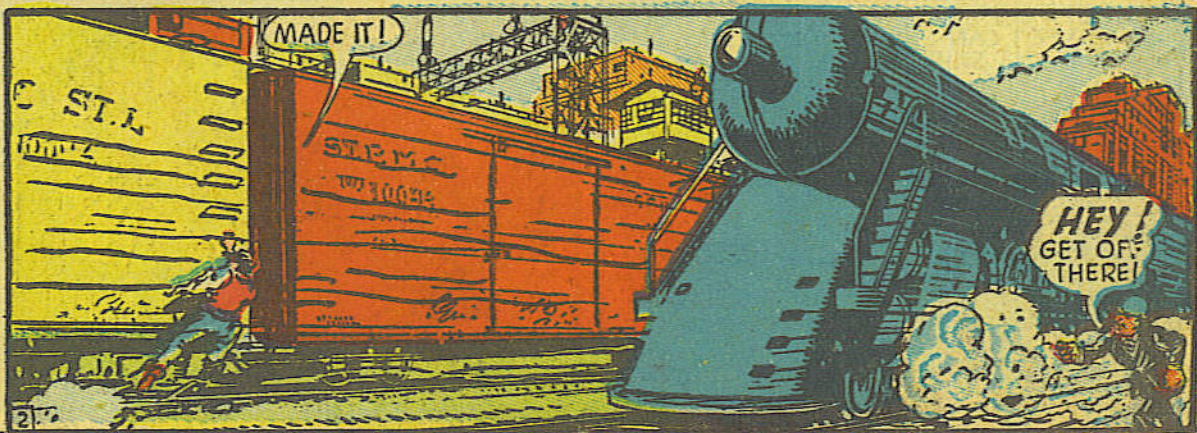
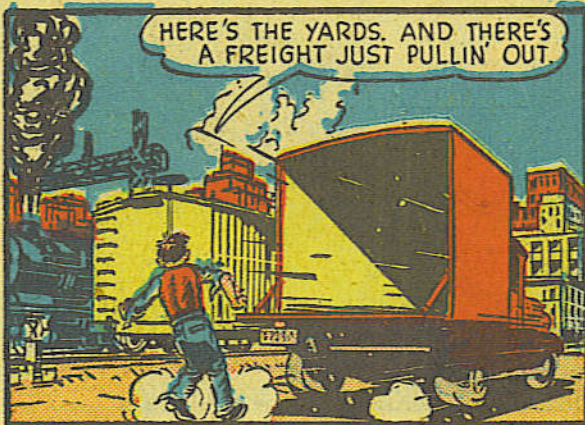
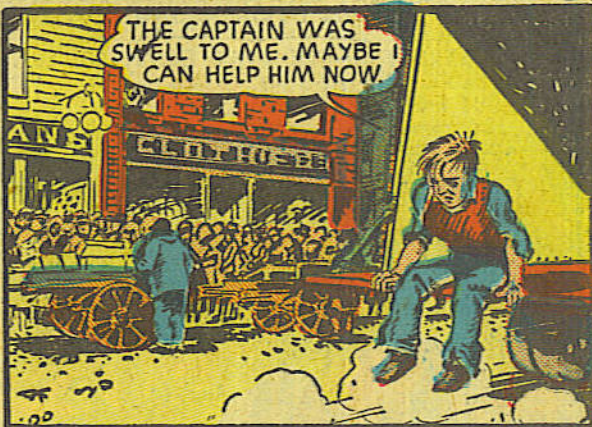
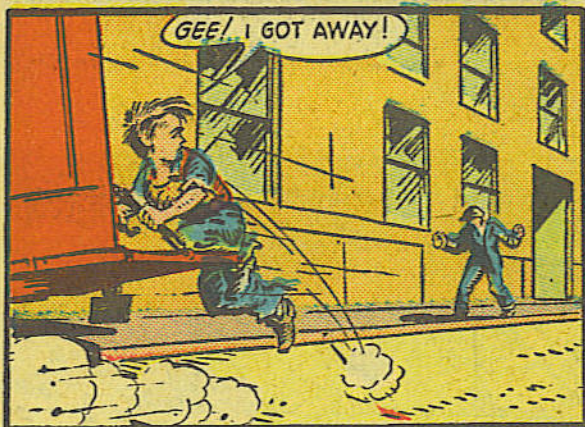
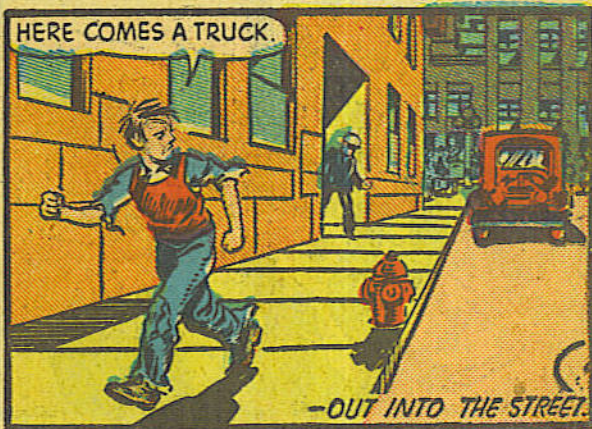
# RANGE RIDERS OF TODAY'S FRONTIER



THE SKIPPER, SCIENTIST, INVENTOR, AND FOUNDER OF BOYVILLE, IS TRYING TO LOCATE HIS ASSISTANT, THE CAPTAIN, WHO WENT OUT INTO SPACE WITH A GRAVITY EQUALIZER IN SEARCH OF PRETTY BOY, WHO RAN AWAY IN A COSMOPLANE. UNKNOWN TO THE SKIPPER, BOTH PRETTY BOY AND THE CAPTAIN HAVE BEEN CAPTURED AND HELD PRISONER BY BIG SHOT, WHO WANTS TO LEARN THE SECRETS OF THE SKIPPER'S INVENTIONS.









AS THE SPEEDING FREIGHT  
TRAIN NEARS BOYVILLE,  
PRETTY BOY JUMPS OFF,  
AND—

O-O-O-O!

GEE—I'M DIZZY. BUT I'VE  
GOT TO KEEP GOING.  
I'VE GOT TO SAVE  
THE CAPTAIN!

PRETTY BOY IS  
DAZED BY THE FALL,  
BUT BRAVELY GETS  
TO HIS FEET AND—

—REACHES THE HILL OVERLOOKING BOYVILLE.

THERE IT IS—GOOD OLD BOYVILLE!  
I'D SURE LIKE TO STAY THERE ALWAYS,  
BUT I GUESS THEY WOULDN'T LET ME.

I COULDN'T GET IN THE FRONT GATE,  
BUT MAYBE I CAN SNEAK IN THIS WAY.  
I HOPE THE SKIPPER WILL  
BELIEVE ME.

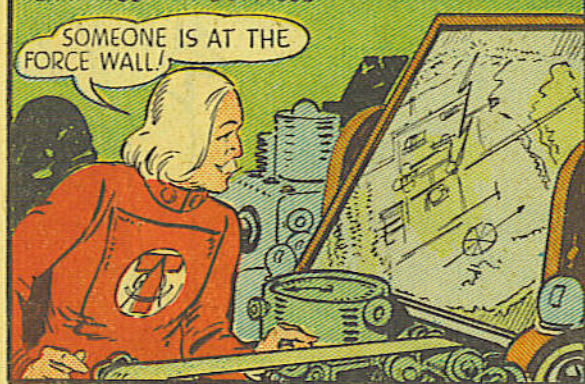
PRETTY BOY CIRCLES  
ABOUT TO ENTER BOY-  
VILLE THROUGH THE  
REAR, BUT—

OHH! THE FORCE  
WALL!

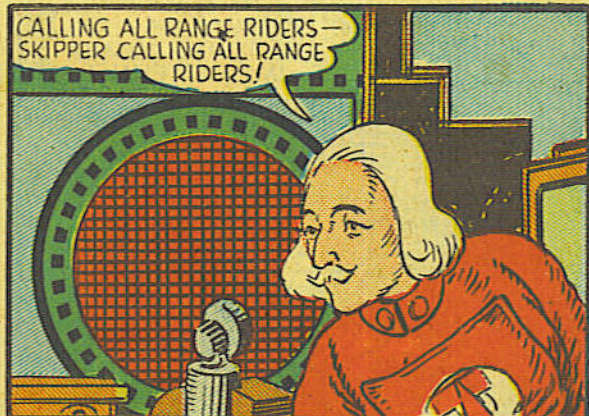


MEANWHILE — IN BOYVILLE

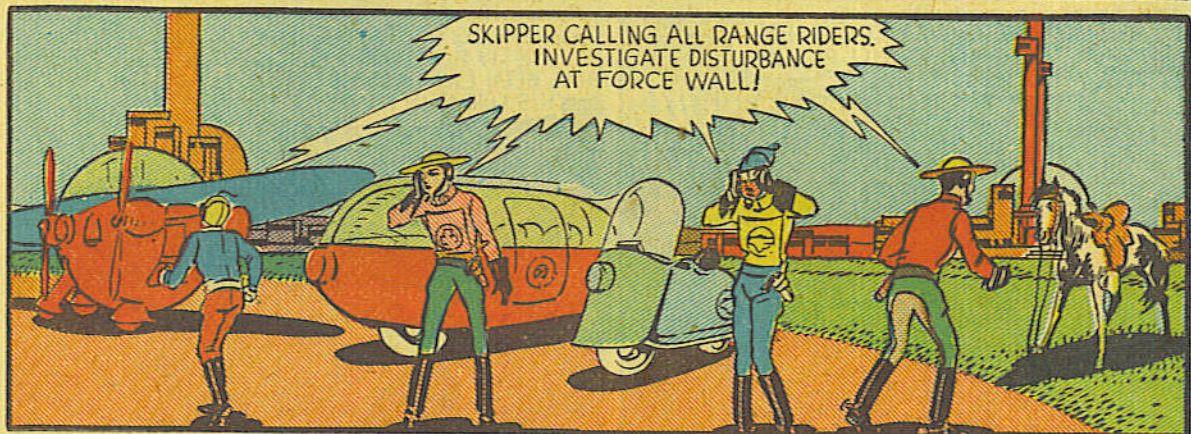
SOMEONE IS AT THE  
FORCE WALL!



CALLING ALL RANGE RIDERS —  
SKIPPER CALLING ALL RANGE  
RIDERS!



SKIPPER CALLING ALL RANGE RIDERS.  
INVESTIGATE DISTURBANCE  
AT FORCE WALL!



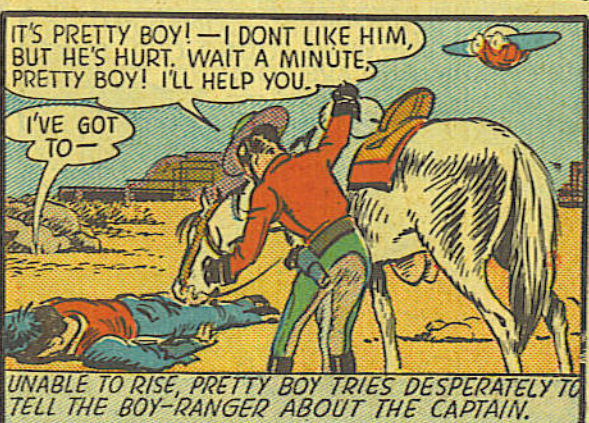
STUNNED BY THE FORCE WALL BECAUSE OF HIS  
WEAKENED CONDITION, PRETTY BOY TRIES VAINLY  
TO GET TO HIS FEET.

I'VE GOT TO GET UP!  
I'VE JUST GOT TO SEE  
THE SKIPPER!



IT'S PRETTY BOY! — I DON'T LIKE HIM,  
BUT HE'S HURT. WAIT A MINUTE,  
PRETTY BOY! I'LL HELP YOU.

I'VE GOT  
TO —



UNABLE TO RISE, PRETTY BOY TRIES DESPERATELY TO  
TELL THE BOY-RANGER ABOUT THE CAPTAIN.

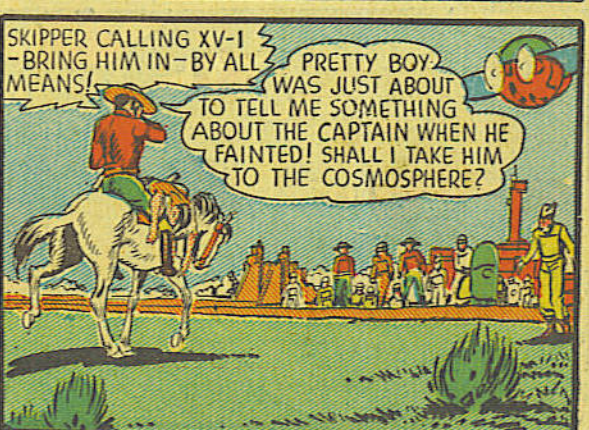
CALLING 2-R. CALLING 2-R.  
I'VE JUST FOUND PRETTY BOY.  
HE IS VERY WEAK, BUT WANTS  
TO TALK. SHALL I BRING  
HIM IN?

THE  
CAPTAIN,  
HE —

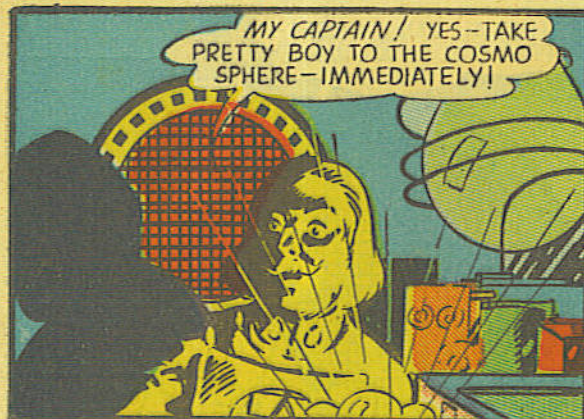


SKIPPER CALLING XV-1  
— BRING HIM IN — BY ALL  
MEANS!

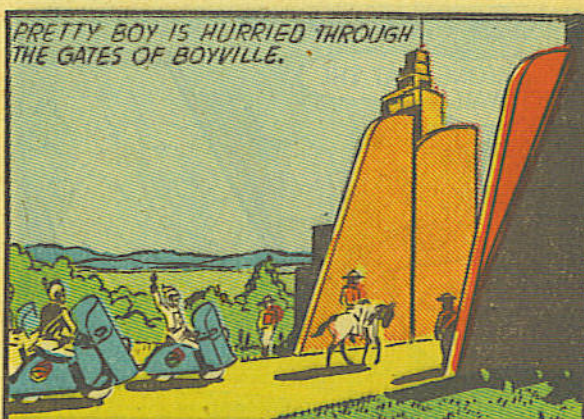
PRETTY BOY  
WAS JUST ABOUT  
TO TELL ME SOMETHING  
ABOUT THE CAPTAIN WHEN HE  
FAINTED! SHALL I TAKE HIM  
TO THE COSMOSPHERE?



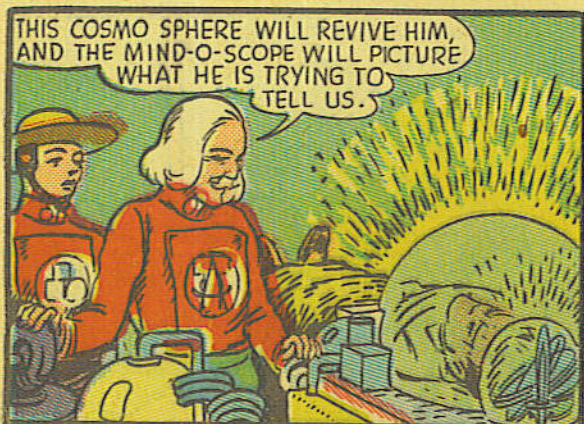




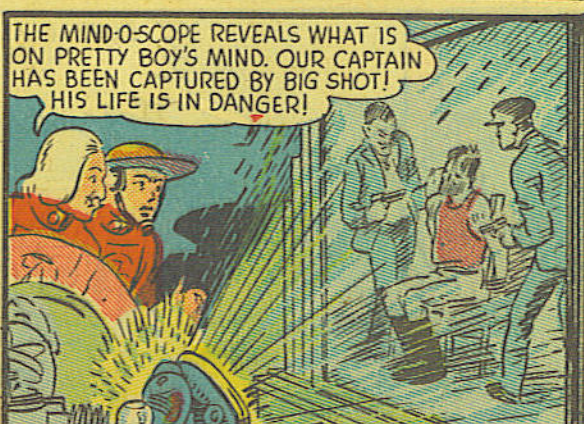
MY CAPTAIN! YES—TAKE  
PRETTY BOY TO THE COSMO  
SPHERE—IMMEDIATELY!



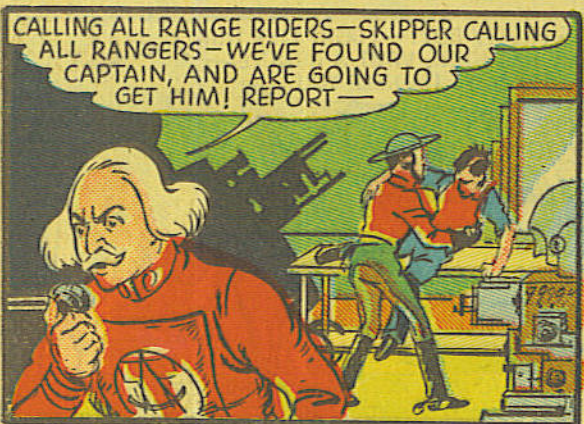
PRETTY BOY IS HURRIED THROUGH  
THE GATES OF BOYVILLE.



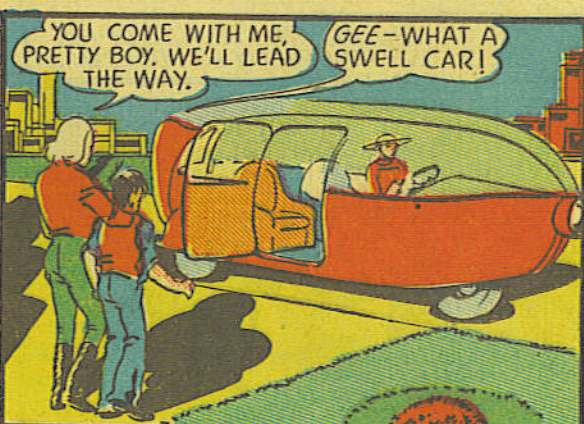
THIS COSMO SPHERE WILL REVIVE HIM,  
AND THE MIND-O-SCOPE WILL PICTURE  
WHAT HE IS TRYING TO  
TELL US.



THE MIND-O-SCOPE REVEALS WHAT IS  
ON PRETTY BOY'S MIND. OUR CAPTAIN  
HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY BIG SHOT!  
HIS LIFE IS IN DANGER!

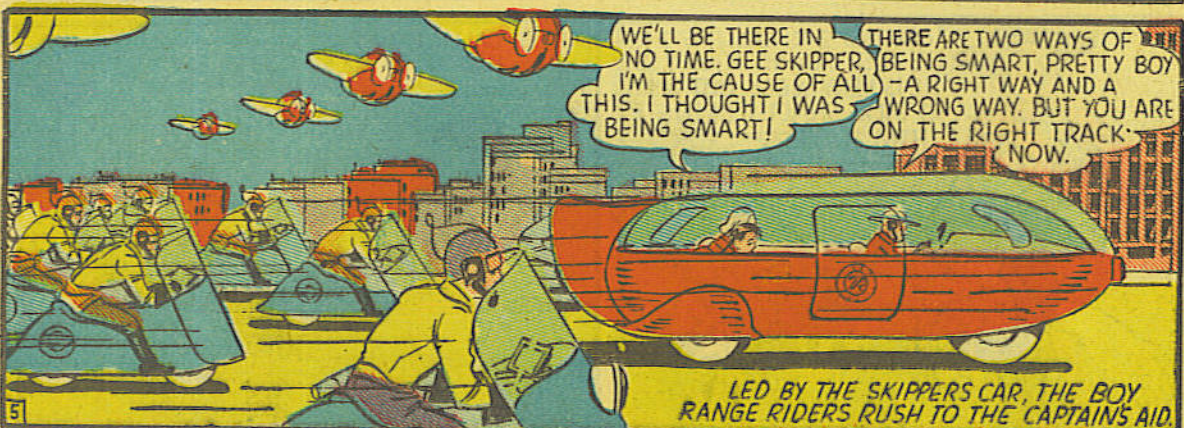


CALLING ALL RANGE RIDERS—SKIPPER CALLING  
ALL RANGERS—WE'VE FOUND OUR  
CAPTAIN, AND ARE GOING TO  
GET HIM! REPORT—



YOU COME WITH ME,  
PRETTY BOY. WE'LL LEAD  
THE WAY.

GEE—WHAT A  
SWELL CAR!

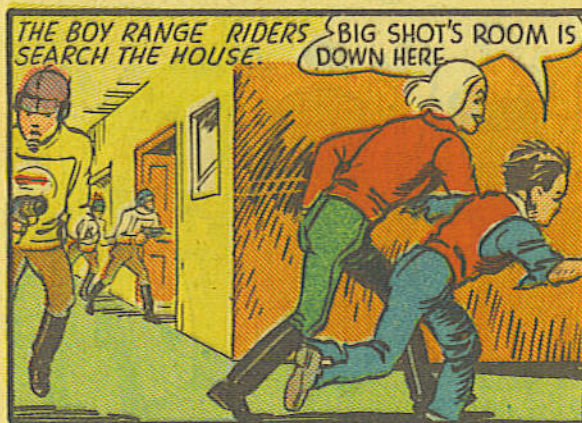


WE'LL BE THERE IN  
NO TIME. GEE SKIPPER,  
I'M THE CAUSE OF ALL  
THIS. I THOUGHT I WAS  
BEING SMART!

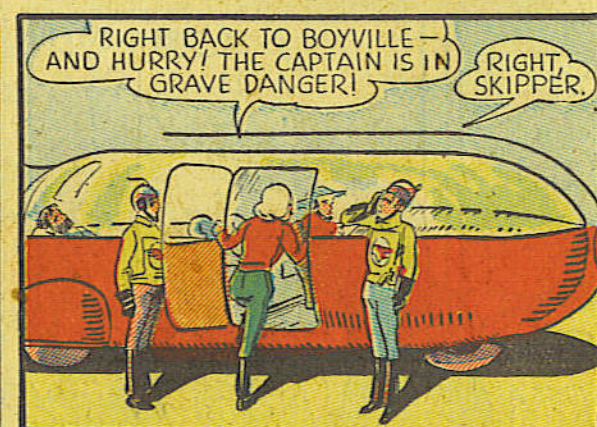
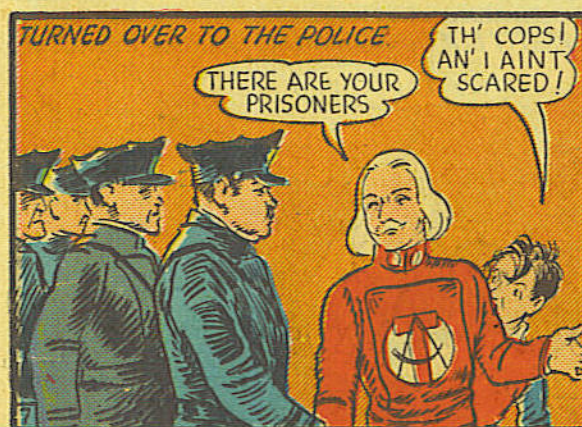
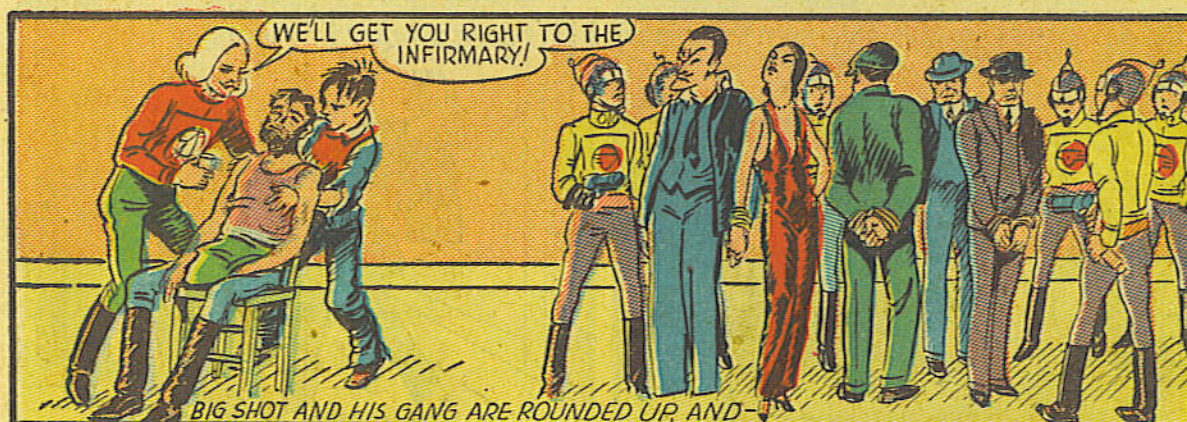
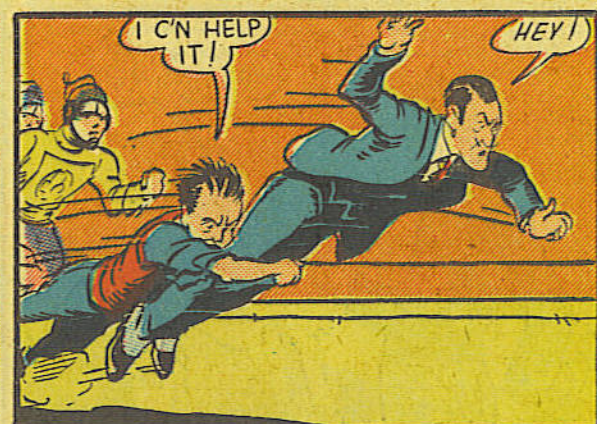
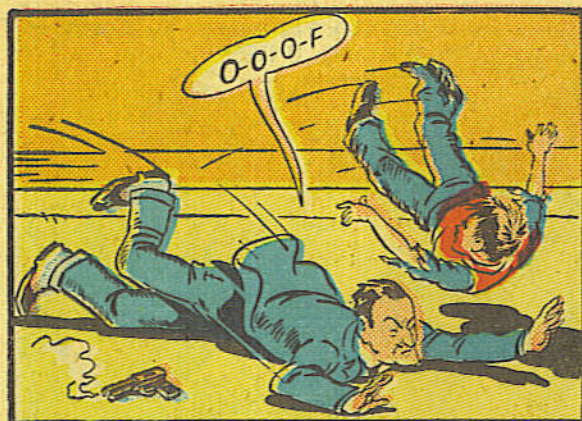
THERE ARE TWO WAYS OF  
BEING SMART, PRETTY BOY  
—A RIGHT WAY AND A  
WRONG WAY. BUT YOU ARE  
ON THE RIGHT TRACK  
NOW.

LED BY THE SKIPPER'S CAR, THE BOY  
RANGE RIDERS RUSH TO THE CAPTAIN'S AID.

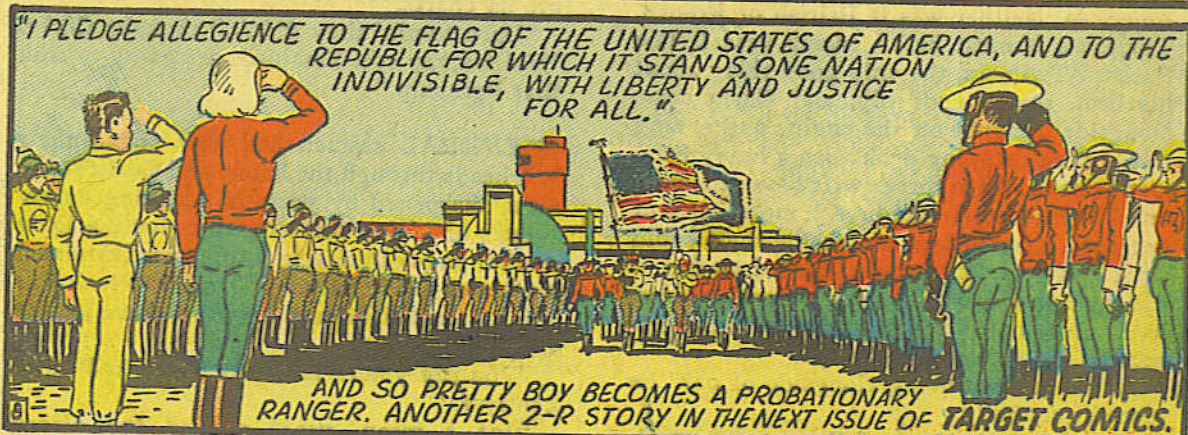
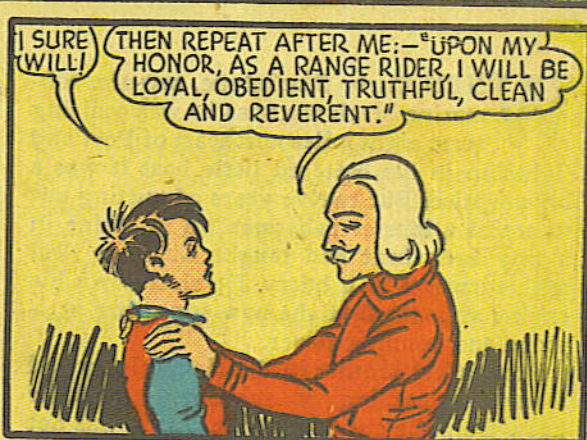
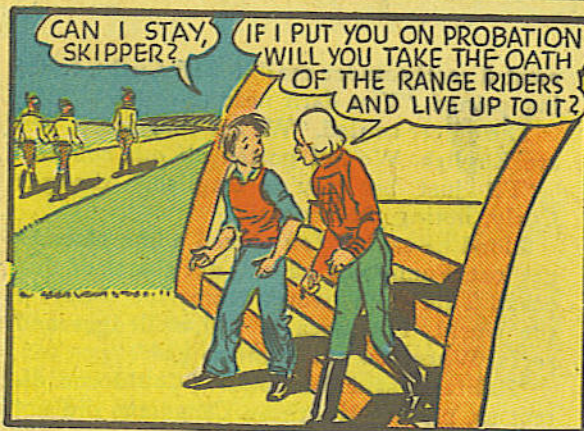
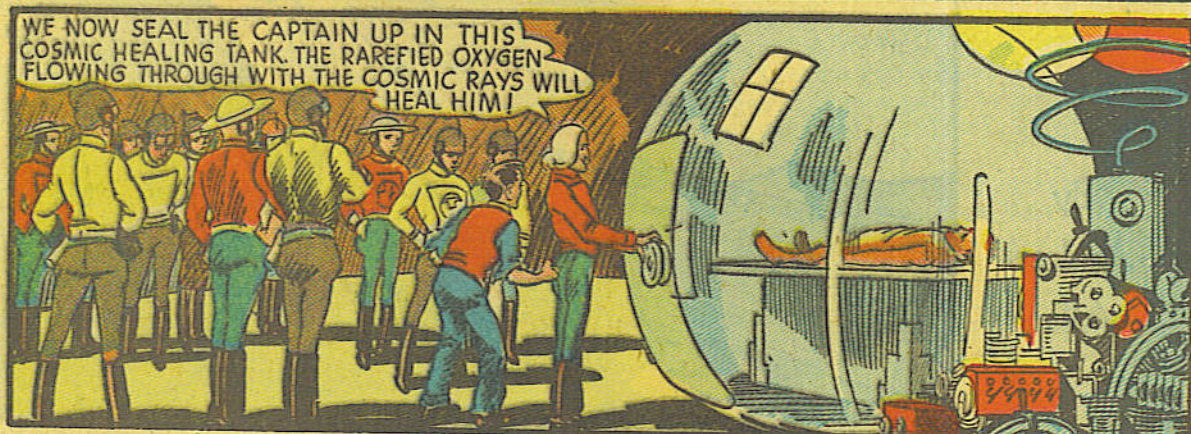
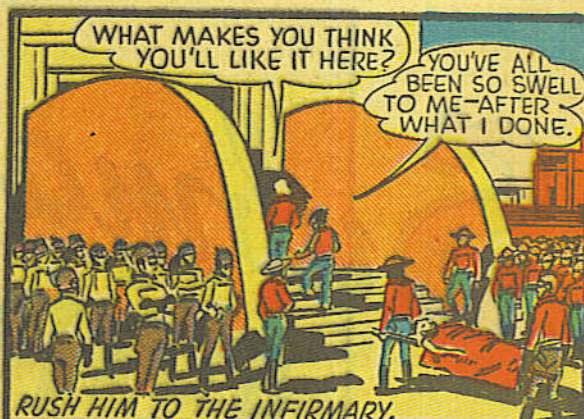
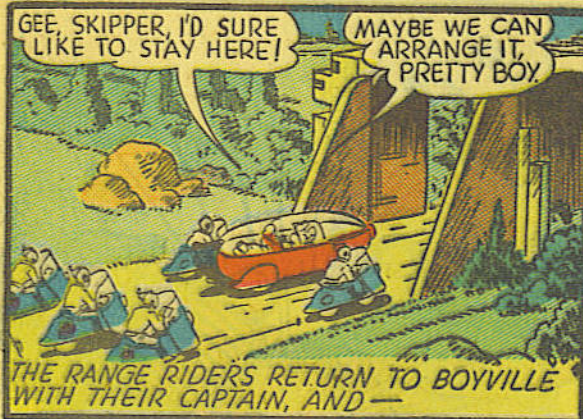














# Submarine surprise!

By  
Andrew  
Allen



WHEN Curly Blackstone, saw the submarine break water as he was cruising some eight miles northeast of Portland lightship in his battered little boat it was a big surprise. But twelve years of putting out to sea as a lobster fisherman up in Maine in a tiny open boat had taught Curly to deal with surprises in a hurry. He shut down his engine and stared at the now-appearing periscope and conning tower.

From a kid brother in the Navy, Curly had learned something of submarines, and he knew from the cut of this one that it was not American. Neither was it British or French. Therefore it must be an enemy vessel. The Packard Twin-six, the only good thing about his boat, roared suddenly, and Curly came alongside. He shut off the engine and sprang to the sub's dripping deck with a heavy hammer in hand. With three swift blows he shattered beyond repair the breech mechanism of her deck rifle. Before his cockle-shell could drift away, he had jumped back into her.

A split second later the sub's conning tower hatch flew open, and an officer's head appeared. He frowned at Curly.

"What are you doing alongside of us?" he rasped gutturally.

"Can I help it if you fellows come up al-

most directly under me?" asked Curly, looking pained. "You darn near upset me."

The officer smiled. "We are very sorry. We are English. We haf gotten off our course."

"I'll just bet you're English," thought Curly, noting the accent.

Aloud he said: "You picked a fine place to get lost. Funny you haven't got charts of this coast. This is the worst submarine water in the world. This area is full of ledges and reefs. Where do you want to go?"

"Halifax", said the officer. "Could you direct us, please? No, those Canadians did not gif us charts."

"Darn tootin' they didn't," thought Curly. "Halifax, my eye. You birds are going to sink that lightship."

SEVERAL seamen had now poked their heads through the hatch, and Curly's blue eyes, sharpened by years of scanning empty wastes of Maine coastal waters for the little marker flags of drifting lobster pots, detected the tip of a rifle muzzle. He tried to look like the ignorant fisherman he knew these people thought he was.

"You say you're English?" he asked innocently.

"Ja! I mean, yes!" replied the officer





## The Thing That Bothered Curly Was How To Do It "Navy Style"

jovially.

Curly pretended to look doubtful. He blinked stupidly several times, then grinned at them.

"O.K., fellows. I'll show you the way through these reefs out to deep water. By the way, you'd better run with just that stove-pipe showing." He pointed to the periscope. "There are some Eagle boat squadrons cruising around here, and if they spotted you, they might mistake you for an enemy craft; their warning shot might be badly aimed and hit you."

"I guess you Britfishers can't afford to be losing any submarines accidentally like that," he finished blandly.

"Very well," grunted the officer. "We will watch through the periscope and trust your judgment."

He added slowly: "Be exceptionally careful, please. We want no trouble. Neither do you."

With this he barked an order; the men disappeared, and the officer, going down last, pulled the hatch cover shut behind him.

CURLY grinned happily. He idled alongside again, and when he jumped aboard the sub this time, he had besides the hammer a heavy wedge from the untidy mess of gear in his boat. Chancing it that they would not hear or feel the blows, he sprang at the hatch cover and drove the wedge into the crack. They could never open it now from the inside.

Back safely aboard his little tub, Curly opened the Packard, shot across the sub's bows, and straightened out. Looking astern, he was relieved to see that she had submerged with the conning tower just awash, and was following him. He chuckled. They must be astounded at the pair of heels he was showing.

He hummed to himself. "Yes, indeed, boys," he said. "I'll show you around these waters." He changed course a point to nor' nor' east. After a mile or two: "This would be it, about here."

Looking overside, his keen eyes detected the darkened water which indicated a submerged ledge. He knew these waters like most people know their parlors at home. He chuckled and looked astern. The sub's conning tower and periscope were plowing on at a good clip, matching his stiff speed. Suddenly the sub hit the reef; the conning tower reeled from the shock; the craft lifted a little and staggered a few feet, then stuck fast.

Curly laughed and waved a hand. "And that, you chaps, is Nine-Mile Rock. Too bad it's too small to show on your charts. Lots of depth for little fellows like me to cross it, but you're hung up. Tough luck."

He put about sou'west, and the Packard roared. Looking back, he saw men scrambling on deck in waist-deep water. The wedge had loosened after all!

But they milled about, shouting, as they discovered the damaged deck rifle. Curly guffawed.

Then he broke off, for a machine gun pointed out the conning tower and began to churn the water about him with lead.

Curly put down the wheel suddenly and the little tub veered sharply to port, throwing the gunner's aim off. Then he turned rapidly to starboard, before the gunner could get the new range.

"I learned that from my kid brother in the Navy, too," laughed Curly.

Ping! A luck bullet punctured his gas tank. Curly frowned, then snatched up a piece of old shirt and plugged the hole.

"Pretty sloppy for Navy style, but it'll do," he said.

He waved once more and roared toward a smudge on the horizon that marked the Eagle boat squadron.



# CITY EDITOR

BY POTTER



ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC TODAY, WISH SOME FRONT PAGE STUFF WOULD BREAK.

THERE'S THAT ROBBERY IN THE GARMENT DISTRICT. NOT TOO HOT— BUT THERE MIGHT BE A STORY IN IT.

PINKY AND I'LL GO UP THERE. COME ON PINKY PINKERTON!



YOU SAY THAT CASE CAME IN LAST NIGHT TOO LATE TO UNPACK?

I'M NOT SAYIN' NOTHIN' TO THE PAPERS. YOU'LL HAVE TO ASK MR. FINKEL.

FINKEL INC  
MODEL GOWNS

IT'S ONLY THE BUCKLES WITH THE GLASS IN 'EM THAT ARE SMASHED. THE DRESSES ARE A.L.O.K.



JOY BELL AND PINKY VISIT THE LOFT AT FINKEL'S AND FIND EVERYTHING IN DISORDER. PARIS GOWNS THROWN ON THE FLOOR AND THE DOOR SMASHED IN. THEY WAIT FOR MR. FINKEL.

PINKY PICKS UP ONE OF THE GOWNS AND EXAMINES IT. HE WONDERS WHY ALL THE SHINY ORNAMENTS HAVE BEEN SMASHED.



LOOKAT THIS SHINY THING I FOUND ON THE FLOOR.

IT'S GLASS, OR PASTE, OR SOMETHING— OUT OF ONE OF THE CLIPS.

PINKY HAS SOMETHING ON HIS MIND. HE SEARCHES THE FLOOR CAREFULLY.



HOW DID THESE REPORTERS GET IN? I DON'T WANT NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY.

TAINT MY FAULT, MR. FINKEL. THE POLICE MUST 'A LET 'EM IN.

WHEN MR. FINKEL ARRIVES HE IS VERY ANGRY AND APPARENTLY FRIGHTENED.





JOY BELL FINDS MR FINKEL MUCH EXCITED. HE IS COVERING UP SOMETHING.



THE ELEVATOR MAN HAS HIS UPS AND DOWNS—BUT HE IS SILENT ABOUT FINKEL.



SO THEY GO TO THE PIER TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS GOWNS.



THE CUSTOMS INSPECTOR HAS NO SUSPICION OF ANY IRREGULARITY.....



SO THEY DO A LOT OF HARD THINKING..... AND PINKY SUGGESTS SOMETHING THAT MAY FURNISH A CLUE TO THE MYSTERY!

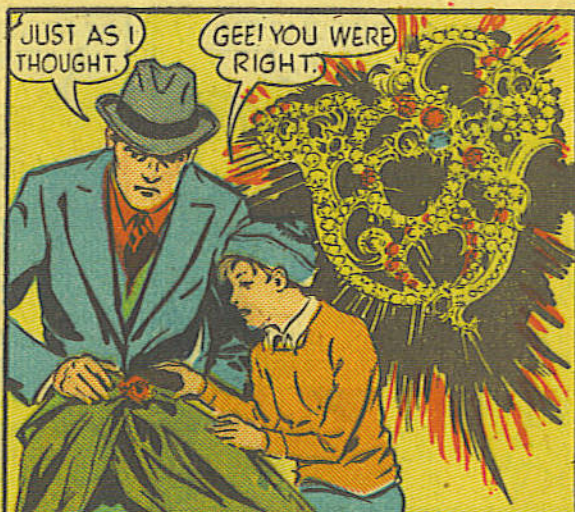


THE CITY EDITOR, PHIL AND JOY BELL TALK OVER THE STORY..... AND ARE PRETTY CERTAIN THAT FINKEL IS A DIAMOND SMUGGLER...BUT...THE EVENING STAR MUST HAVE CONVINCING EVIDENCE.





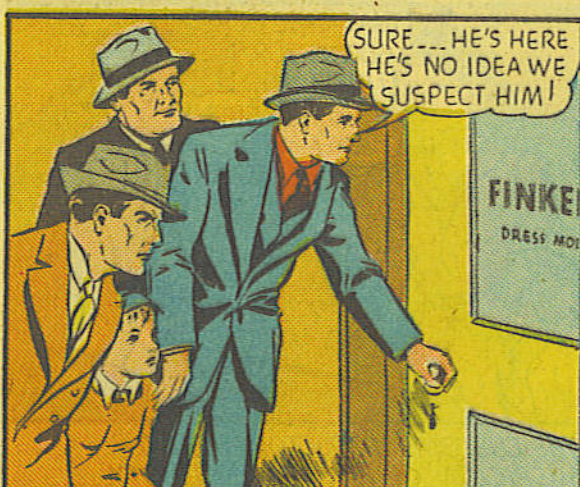
PHIL STARTS FOR THE FINKEL LOFT WHERE HE HOPES TO VERIFY HIS THEORY.



A CLOSE EXAMINATION OF THE ORNAMENTS CONVINCES HIM THAT HE IS 100% RIGHT.



PHIL PUTS THE CASE TO THE CUSTOMS OFFICIAL AND CONVINCES HIM AN INVESTIGATION IS IN ORDER.



OFFICERS FROM THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT ACCOMPANY PHIL TO FINKEL INC.

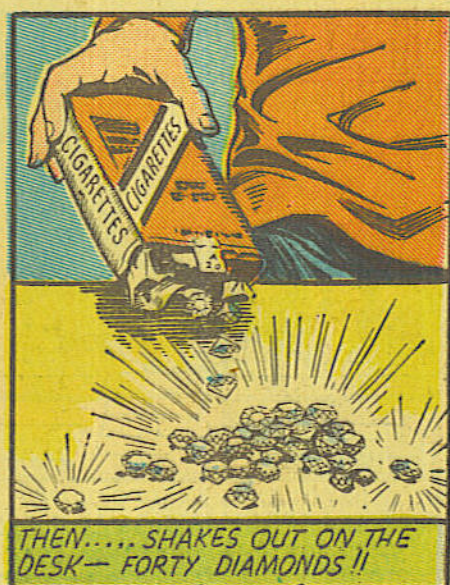
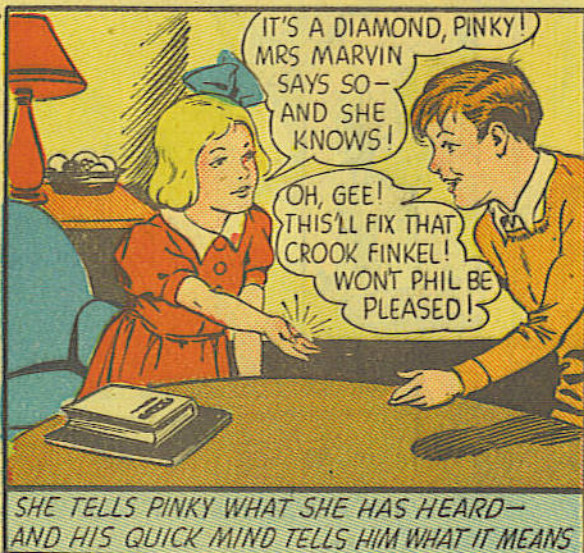


THEN HE GIVES FINKEL A DISAGREEABLE HALF HOUR WHILE THE T-MEN SEARCH THE LOFT.

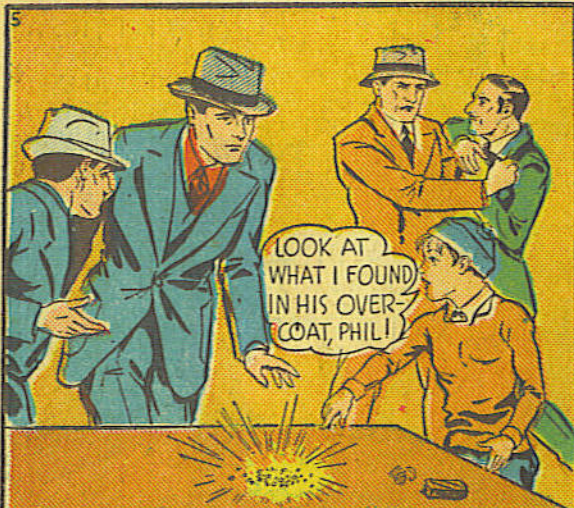


AND FIND ENOUGH TO SATISFY THEMSELVES THAT FINKEL IS UNDOUBTEDLY GUILTY.









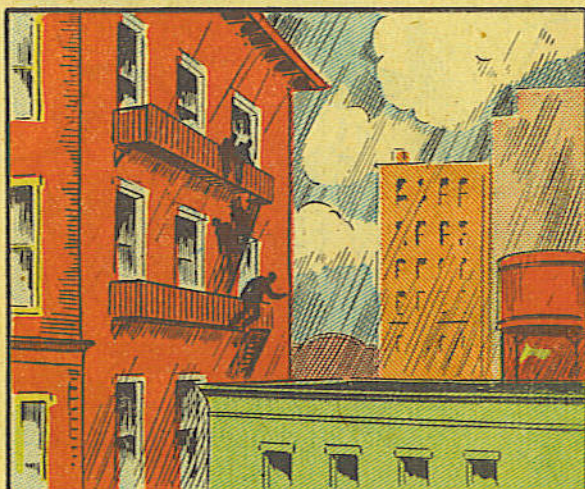
PHIL AND THE DETECTIVES RUSH IN.....  
THE EVIDENCE AGAINST FINKEL IS NOW COMPLETE.



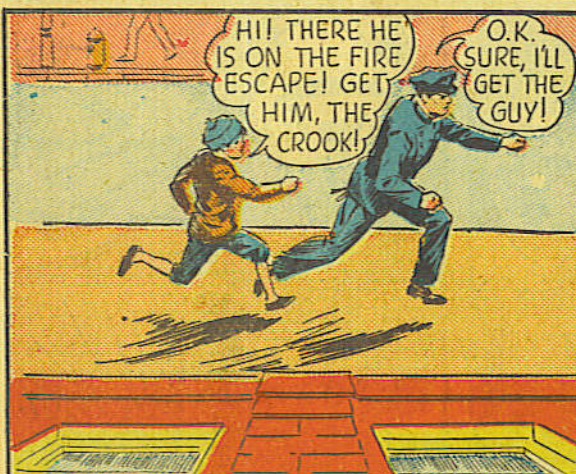
AND THE DIAMOND SMUGGLER FACES  
A LONG TERM OF IMPRISONMENT.



BUT HE TRICKS THE DETECTIVES BY A RUSE,  
AND CLIMBS OUT OF A WINDOW ONTO THE FIRE ESCAPE.



WHERE HE FLINGS HIMSELF DOWN TO THE  
SECOND FLOOR.....

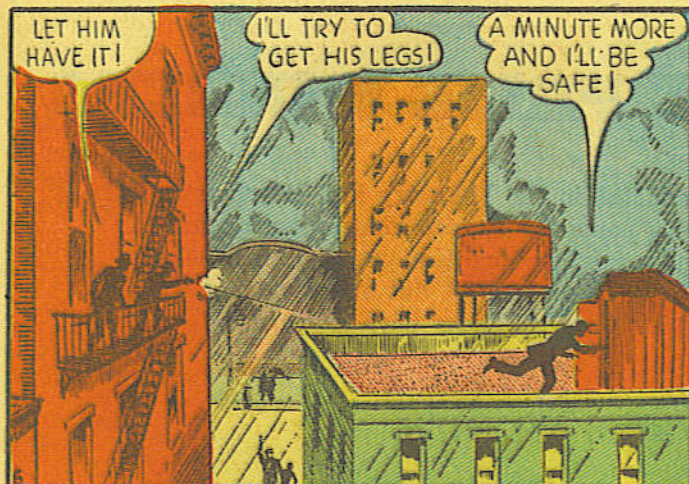


MEANWHILE—PINKY DASHES OUT OF THE STREET  
ENTRANCE BELOW AND CALLS A POLICEMAN  
TO STOP THE FLEEING CRIMINAL.



FINKEL MAKES A TERRIFIC LEAP ACROSS A  
COURT TO THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING NEXT DOOR.

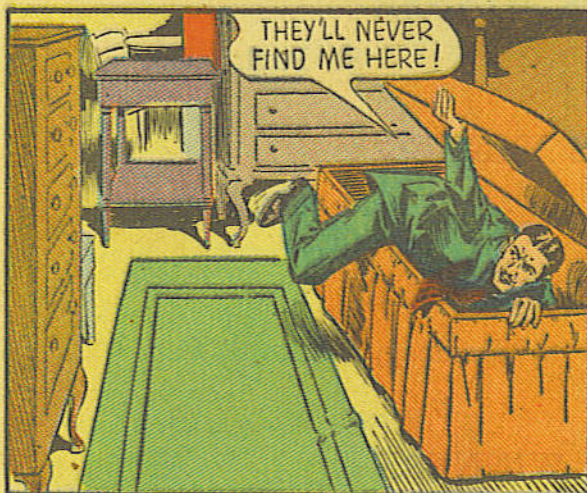




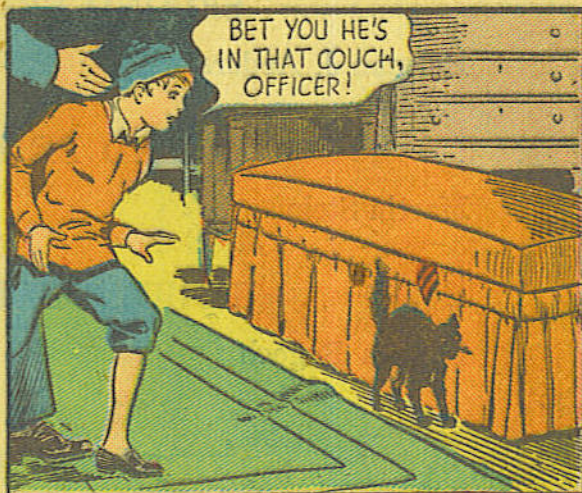
MR. FINKEL MAKES A WILD DASH ACROSS THE ROOF AND GAINS THE ENTRANCE TO THE STAIRWAY.



HE LEAPS DOWN THE STAIRS AND DARTS INTO AN OPEN DOOR AT THE BOTTOM—



WHICH IS THE ENTRANCE TO A FURNITURE WAREHOUSE..... HE HIDES IN A BOX-COUCH,



BUT.....PINKY COMES IN FROM THE STREET AND NOTICES A STRIPED TIE CAUGHT IN THE COUCH LID



NO MORE ESCAPING FOR FINKEL NOW THAT PATROLMAN REILLY HAS HIS HAND ON HIM!



LOOK FOR FURTHER ADVENTURES OF PINKY, JOY BELL AND PHIL IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TARGET COMICS



# HERE ARE THE PRIZE WINNERS

The winners of the contest conducted in the February and March issues of Target Comics to help select a name for its new companion magazine are listed below. The judges had a mighty hard time making their selection because of the thousands of entries received, but every entrant was given careful consideration and here are the lucky boys and girls:

## FIRST PRIZE WINNER

Maurice Tofani

Jackson Heights, New York

## SECOND PRIZE WINNER

Herman J. Anderson

St. Paul, Minn.

## THIRD PRIZE WINNER

Martin Stein

Philadelphia, Penna.

## FOURTH PRIZE WINNER

Nathan Bogoch

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.

## FIFTH PRIZE WINNERS

S. Salmanowitz  
Bronx, N. Y.

A. E. Stuart, Jr.  
Ferriday, La.

Sal Russo  
Lodi, N. J.

Jack Shifrin  
Perth Amboy, N. J.

Robert Wyttenbach  
Evansville, Ind.

Anthony Pula  
Swarta Station, Pa.

Richard Mulvihill  
West Orange, N. J.

Jack Garellek  
Outremont, Que., Canada.

H. A. Shelton, Jr.  
Washington, D. C.

Harold Ashley  
Yonkers, N. Y.

Martin Golinsky  
New York City

Domenick Mele  
Bronx, N. Y.

Sanford Gray  
New York City

John J. White  
Dorchester, Mass.

Gilbert Lee  
Stockton, Calif.

Sidney Wiener  
Chicago, Ill.

Meyer Fass  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Donald Reed  
Los Angeles, Calif.

George Greenwood  
Ville Emard, Montreal, P. Q.,  
Canada

Franklin Wolverton  
Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Harry Malumuth  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Arthur Kulosa, Jr.  
Chicago, Ill.

Michael Ciliberti  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Bernard Tissian  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Martin Szostek  
Philadelphia, Pa.

George Solomon  
Detroit, Mich.

Esmond Stanton  
St. John, N. B., Canada

William Martin  
Newport, R. I.

Herbert Uhlig  
College Point, N. Y.



## FIFTH PRIZE WINNERS (Continued)

Fred Bogoch  
Winnipeg, Man., Canada

Roger Bass  
New York City

Jerry Lazarus  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Glen Sutton  
Kinmundy, Ill.

Eugene Stern  
Chicago, Ill.

Joe Buszema  
Chicago, Ill.

Cyril R. Ciampichini  
Dickson City, Pa.

Julius Intraub  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Daniel Fairlie  
West Orange, N. J.

J. Javinsky  
Muskegon Heights, Mich.

Robert Young  
Golden, Colo.

Frank La Bianco  
Chicago, Ill.

Philip Bill Galipo  
Warrensville, Ohio

Marvin Wentz  
Napoleon, N. Dak.

Vincent Dorsa  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dianne Netherland  
Nashville, Tenn.

Jean Synder  
Edmore, Mich.

Philip Mainero  
East Boston, Mass.

Paul Halloran  
University City, Mo.

Jerry Maag  
Richmond, Ind.

Harry Perrus  
Connellsville, Pa.

## SIXTH PRIZE WINNERS

William Clift  
Bolivar, Tenn.

Clarence Christiansen  
Georgetown, Del.

Donald Hepworth  
Beverly, Mass.

Jack Herbert  
Gifford, Ill.

Dave Powell  
Peoria, Ill.

Gene Mooney  
Belle, W. Va.

Vincent DiVittorio  
Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Jack Cannuli  
Geneva, N. Y.

Norman Clark  
Dayton, Ohio

Donavon Wagner  
Knoxville, Ill.

Orville Smith  
Aliceville, Ala.

Frances Luhman  
Long Branch, N. J.

Richard Sena  
Mt. Harris, Colo.

Jerry Zahuranec  
Maple Heights, Ohio

John Shulda  
Shelburne Falls, Mass.

Dominick Sestito  
White Plains, N. Y.

John Byrne  
Cleveland, Ohio

Eddy Nachtigal  
Cleveland, Ohio

Frank Wasiski  
Camden, N. J.

Paul Choma  
Paterson, N. J.

Joseph Fields  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Erwin McCalla  
Bronx, N. Y.

Junior Ramsey  
Belle, W. Va.

Charles Anderson  
Muncie, Ind.

Hymie Koretzy  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

M. Rapkin  
Rochester, N. Y.

Ramon Ortega  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lester Phillips  
Rochester, N. Y.

Jack Besenger  
Elvins, Mo.

Lonny Polk  
Port Huron, Mich.

George Yeager  
Bronx, N. Y.

Jean Hudson  
Richmond, Va.

Dale O'Neil  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Robert Wagner  
Chicago, Ill.

Henry Holt  
Nashville, Tenn.

Ira David Lawrence  
Fort Smith, Ark.

Melvin Birnbach  
New York City

Harvey Tckman  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Byron Promisel  
Bronx, N. Y.

William Leutner  
Baltimore, Md.

Paul Giguere  
Lowell, Mass.

Kieth Pierson  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Joey Bieluch  
Jersey City, N. J.

George Fukushima  
Vancouver, B. C., Canada

John Triebe  
San Francisco, Calif.

Pete Mandrake  
Detroit, Mich.

Rosalind C. Ignatz  
Sacramento, Calif.

Jay H. Cooper  
Vernal, Utah

Emil Van Hoorebeke  
Rock Island, Ill.

Lawrence Brenner  
Chicago, Ill.



TARPEL PICTURES PRESENTS

# FANTASTIC FEATURE FILMS

KAREN DRAKE

BRUCE BRIAN

DARRON DAVIS

CYNTHIA STONE



WARREN

ORSON BLACK  
'THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES'

**NOW  
SHOWING**

**THE**



# Cast

IVAN GOREVSKI . . . Orson Black  
OLGA GOREVSKI . . . Cynthia Stone  
J. P. VANDER . . . Warren Hart  
JUDITH VANDER . . . Karen Drake  
REGGIE HAMMOND . . . Bruce Brian  
SASHA MELIKOFF . . . Darron Davis



**B**ITTER and insanely jealous, he notices that his beautiful and luxury-loving wife, Olga, is becoming increasingly dissatisfied. Fearing to lose her, his mind forms a diabolical plot whereby he can keep her surrounded with the luxuries she craves . . .

**A**S a slow paralysis creeps over the right arm of Ivan Gorevski, world renowned violinist, he realizes his career is at an end.

Penniless, he now regrets having haughtily rejected the proceeds of a charity benefit and financial aid from those who had thrilled to his music . . .

H-MM - I HAVE LONG BEEN AWARE OF THE POWER I CAN EXERCISE WITH MY PRECIOUS VIOLIN. I HAVE ALWAYS HESITATED TO EMPLOY IT... BUT, NOW...NOW THAT I HAVE BEEN DEPRIVED OF MY CAREER...

Oo...



... I WILL NO LONGER HESITATE... AND THOUGH I CANNOT PLAY SO WELL, I CAN STILL PLAY ENOUGH TO ---



SEIZING HIS VIOLIN, GOREVSKI DRAWS THE BOW ACROSS THE STRINGS...

AT THE SAME TIME A FRAGILE CRYSTAL VASE SHATTERS INTO BITS...

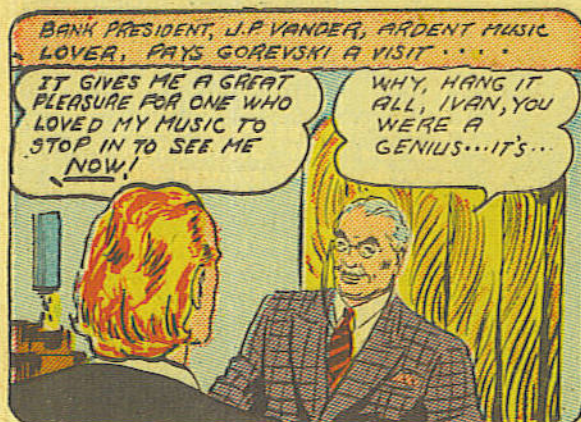
AHHHH---EVEN AS I SHATTERED THIS VASE, SO WILL I BREAK DOWN ANOTHER'S WILL AND FORCE THEM TO DO MY BIDDING!



GOREVSKI MAY NO LONGER BE THE GREAT ARTIST... BUT ERE GOREVSKI'S RIGHT ARM HANGS USELESS, HE WILL HAVE AMASSED A FORTUNE... AND NO ONE THE WISER!







BANK PRESIDENT, J.P. VANDER, ARDENT MUSIC LOVER, PAYS GOREVSKI A VISIT...

IT GIVES ME A GREAT PLEASURE FOR ONE WHO LOVED MY MUSIC TO STOP IN TO SEE ME NOW!

WHY, HANG IT ALL, IVAN, YOU WERE A GENIUS...IT'S...



IT'S SO BEASTLY UNFORTUNATE THAT ---

WELL, I CAN STILL PLAY... PERHAPS NOT AS I USED TO, BUT...



HERE, I'LL PLAY SOMETHING FOR YOU, NOW!

ARHHHH... BEAUTIFUL, IVAN, BEAUTI...

BUT AS IVAN PLAYS ON, VANDER'S EYES SLOWLY CLOSE...



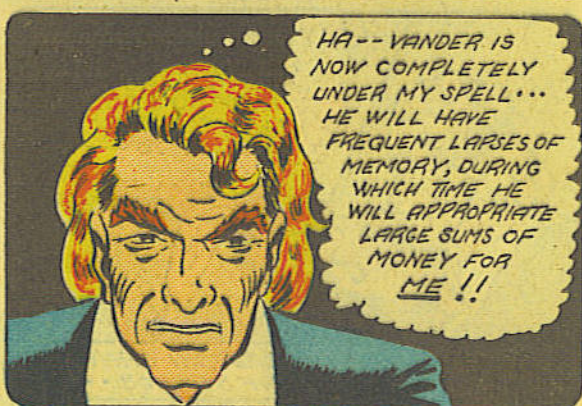
AH! YOU SHALL BE THE ONE TO BRING ME RICHES!! LISTEN TO ME, VANDER, I WANT YOU TO...



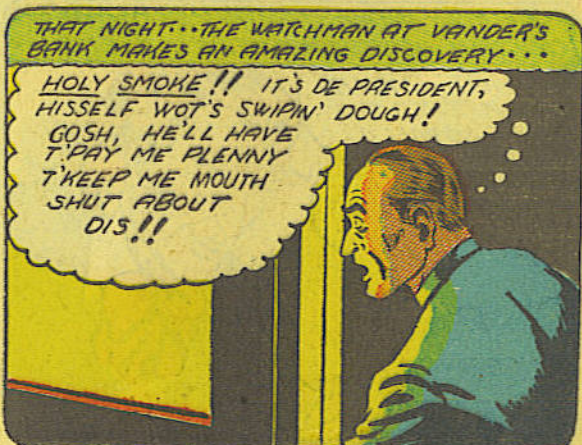
SHORTLY AFTER... AS GOREVSKI CONTINUES TO PLAY, VANDER OPENS HIS EYES, NOT REALIZING THE LARGE OF TIME NOR WHAT HAD TRANSPIRED...

MY, HOW TIME FLIES WHEN YOU LISTEN TO GOOD MUSIC... I MUST BE GOING... BY THE WAY, IVAN, I'D LIKE TO SEND MY DAUGHTER TO YOU FOR LESSONS, IF YOU'D CARE TO HAVE A PUPIL!

I SHOULD BE DELIGHTED, MR. VANDER.



HA-- VANDER IS NOW COMPLETELY UNDER MY SPELL... HE WILL HAVE FREQUENT LARGES OF MEMORY, DURING WHICH TIME HE WILL APPROPRIATE LARGE SUMS OF MONEY FOR ME!!



THAT NIGHT... THE WATCHMAN AT VANDER'S BANK MAKES AN AMAZING DISCOVERY...

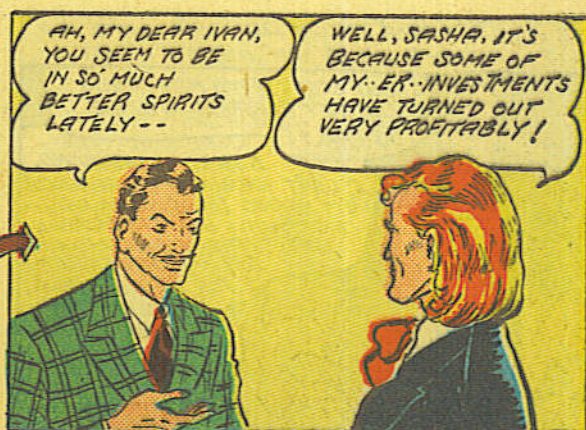
HOLY SMOKE!! IT'S DE PRESIDENT, HISSELF WOT'S SWAPIN' DOUGH! GOSH, HE'LL HAVE T'PAY ME PLENNY T'KEEP ME MOUTH SHUT ABOUT DIS!!





BUT, DARLING, HOW MARVELOUS! THEN YOU MEAN WE ARE NOT REALLY POOR? BUT, HOW,--

OLGA, MY PRECIOUS, I WAS BUT JESTING A WEEK AGO WHEN I SAID WE WERE PENNILESS AND--THERE'S THE BELL, THAT MUST BE MY COUSIN, SASHA!



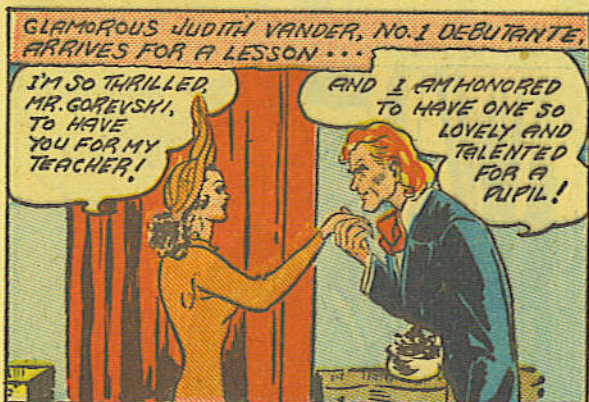
AH, MY DEAR IVAN, YOU SEEM TO BE IN SO MUCH BETTER SPIRITS LATELY --

WELL, SASHA, IT'S BECAUSE SOME OF MY--ER--INVESTMENTS HAVE TURNED OUT VERY PROFITABLY!



BY THE BY, SASHA, I SHALL BE UNABLE TO TAKE OLGA TO THE RECITAL AS I EXPECT A PUPIL! WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO ACCOMPANY HER?

BUT, CERTAINLY, IVAN, I AM ONLY TOO HAPPY TO BE OF SERVICE TO YOU!



GLAMOROUS JUDITH VANDER, NO. 1 DEBUTANTE, ARRIVES FOR A LESSON...

I'M SO THRILLED, MR. GOREVSKI, TO HAVE YOU FOR MY TEACHER!

AND I AM HONORED TO HAVE ONE SO LOVELY AND TALENTED FOR A PUPIL!



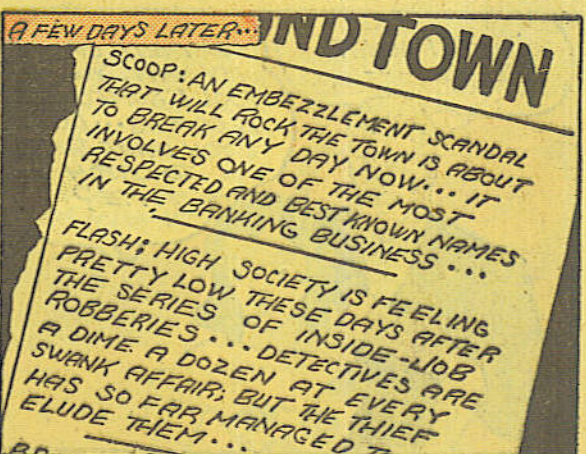
AS THE LESSON PROGRESSES...

NO! NO! MY CHILD... YOU PUT NO FEELING INTO THE MUSIC! HERE, LET ME SHOW YOU HOW THAT SHOULD BE PLAYED!



SHORTLY AFTER, JUDITH SLUMPS IN HER CHAIR...

AH, MY INNOCENT ONE, YOU HAVE ENTRÉE TO THE MOST EXCLUSIVE HOMES... SO YOU SHALL BE THE MEANS OF SUPPLYING MY BEAUTIFUL WIFE WITH THE PRICELESS JEWELS OF THE RICH!



A FEW DAYS LATER... **TOWN**

SCOOP: AN EMBEZZLEMENT SCANDAL THAT WILL ROCK THE TOWN IS ABOUT TO BREAK ANY DAY NOW... IT INVOLVES ONE OF THE MOST RESPECTED AND BEST KNOWN NAMES IN THE BANKING BUSINESS...

FLASH: HIGH SOCIETY IS FEELING PRETTY LOW THESE DAYS AFTER THE SERIES OF INSIDE-JOB ROBBERIES... DETECTIVES ARE A DIME A DOZEN AT EVERY SWANK AFFAIR, BUT THE THIEF HAS SO FAR MANAGED TO ELUDE THEM...



AS JUDITH'S FIANCE, REGGIE HAMMOND WAITS FOR HER, J.P. VANDER CALLS HIM INTO THE STUDY...



GREAT SCOTT!! YOU MEAN THAT'S YOU THEY REFERRED TO IN THE PAPER??

I TELL YOU, HAMMOND, I DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED! I'M AFRAID I'M GOING INSANE... THERE HAVE BEEN NUMEROUS LAPSES OF TIME I CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR... IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE WATCHMAN, I WOULDN'T EVEN HAVE KNOWN THAT I WAS THE THIEF!

I'VE BEEN PAYING HIM 'HUSH' MONEY FOR SOME TIME... BUT THEY ARE INVESTIGATING NOW...

IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF DAYS AND THEN---!! THE WORST OF IT IS THAT I DON'T KNOW WHAT I DID WITH THE MONEY... I CAN'T--

HUSH! THERE'S JUDITH NOW...

I'LL STOP BACK LATER... THERE MUST BE SOMEONE ELSE IN BACK OF THIS!



LATER... IN THE SUMPTUOUS HOME OF WEALTHY MRS. CARTER...



WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE JUDITH, YOU'VE BEEN ACTING SO STRANGE LATELY?

OH, STOP ASKING SO MANY QUESTIONS, REGGIE! REMEMBER I'M NOT YOUR WIFE YET... AND I CAN COME AND GO AS I PLEASE!

DURING THE COURSE OF THE EVENING, JUDITH SLIPS INTO MRS. CARTER'S BEDROOM...



NOW TO LEAVE... BEFORE THEY ARE MISSED!

HAVING NOTED JUDITH'S TRANCE-LIKE STARE AND MECHANICAL MOVEMENTS, REGGIE HAD FOLLOWED...



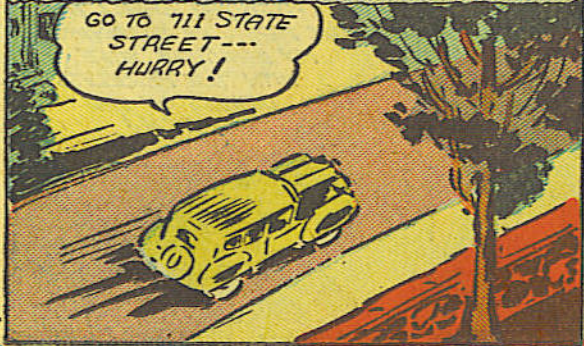
GREAT HEAVENS!! IT CAN'T BE! JUDITH... STEALING?



JUDITH! WHAT ARE YOU ---

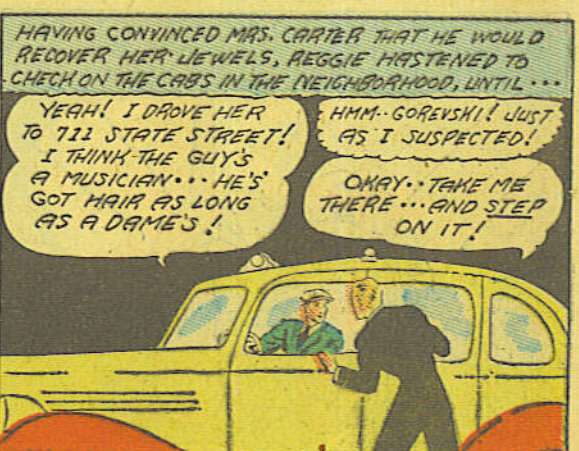
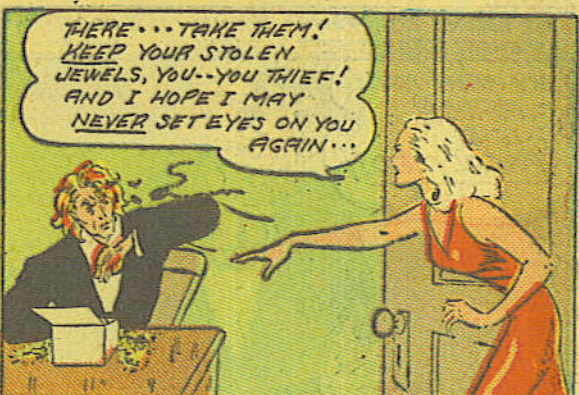
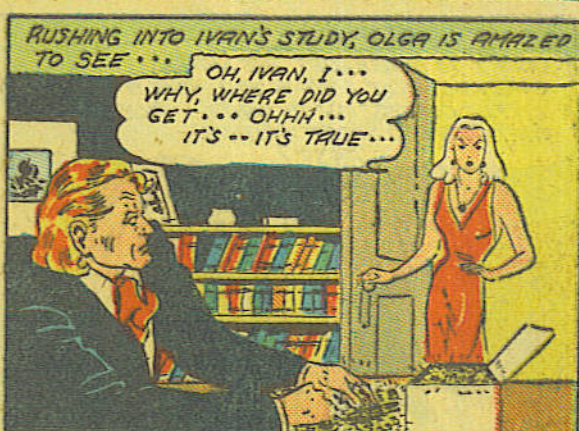
GET OUT OF MY WAY, YOU FOOL! SOMEONE IS COMING... DO YOU WANT THEM TO CATCH ME?

WRENCHING FREE FROM THE ASTOUNDED REGGIE, JUDITH MAKES HER ESCAPE THROUGH THE SERVANT'S ENTRANCE AND HAILING A PASSING CAB, SPEEDS TO THE HOME OF GOREVSKI...



GO TO 711 STATE STREET--- HURRY!







WHILE OLGA HURRIEDLY PACKS HER CLOTHES...  
GOREVSKI WORKS FEVERISHLY WIRING THE DYNAMITE...

HA-- WHO SAID MY  
MUSICAL GENIUS  
WAS IN VAIN?  
I'LL TOUCH OFF  
THE WIRES TO THE  
DYNAMITE BY  
THE VIBRATIONS  
FROM MY  
VIOLIN!



AHHH... FINISHED! AND NOW GOREVSKI,  
THE GREAT VIOLINIST WILL  
PLAY HIS LAST  
MASTERPIECE!

HAHAHAHA!



AT THE SAME TIME...

SORRY TO INTERRUPT THE MIRTH,  
GOREVSKI, BUT I THINK YOU HAVE A  
LITTLE CONFESSION TO WRITE... PICK UP  
THAT PEN AND START WRITING--  
**FAST!**



IN A FRENZY FOR FEAR OLGA WILL ESCAPE,  
GOREVSKI HURRIEDLY WRITES OUT A CONFESSION...

WOW! THIS WAS ONE HUNCH!  
THAT WAS RIGHT!

HERE... TAKE  
IT! TAKE IT!

AND NOW YOU CAN  
TELL ME WHERE YOU'VE  
HIDDEN THE MONEY AND  
JEWELS!

HA-- YOU'LL NEVER  
LIVE TO GET  
OUT WITH IT!

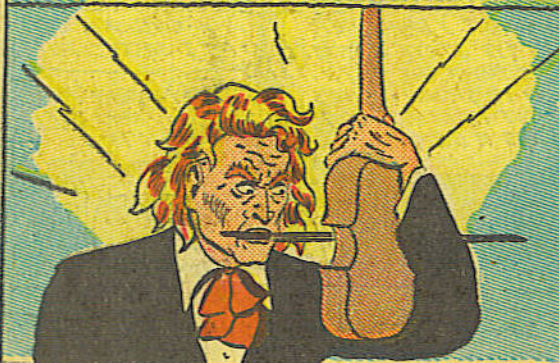


AS REGGIE DISAPPEARS THROUGH THE DOOR...  
GOREVSKI GRASPS FOR HIS VIOLIN... WHEN...

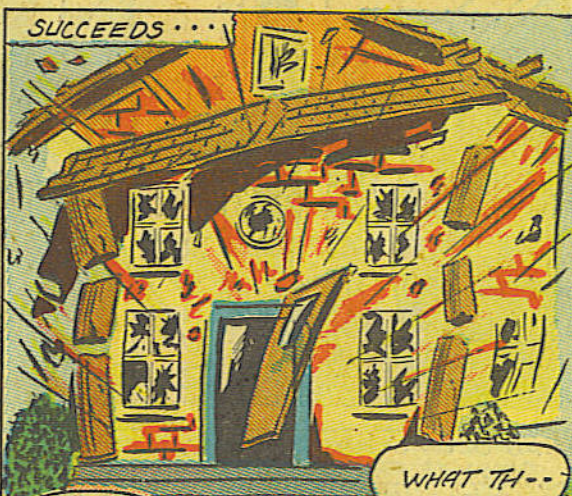
MY  
ARM!! MY  
ARM!!  
IT IS  
**PARALYZED!!**



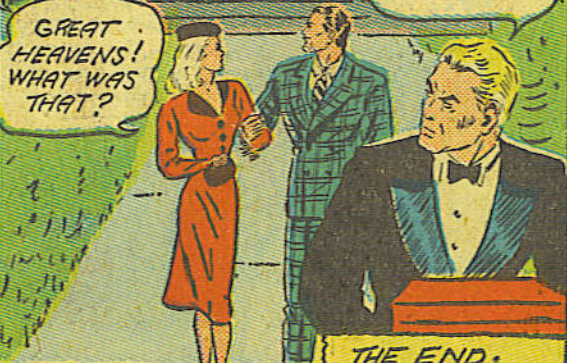
FRAINTIC WITH RAGE AND DESPAIR, HE SEIZES  
THE BOW IN HIS TEETH... AND MAKING A LAST  
EFFORT TO DRAW IT ACROSS THE STRINGS... HE...



SUCCEEDS...



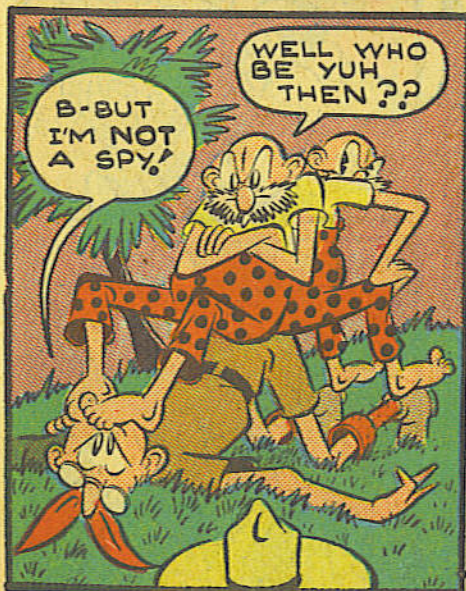
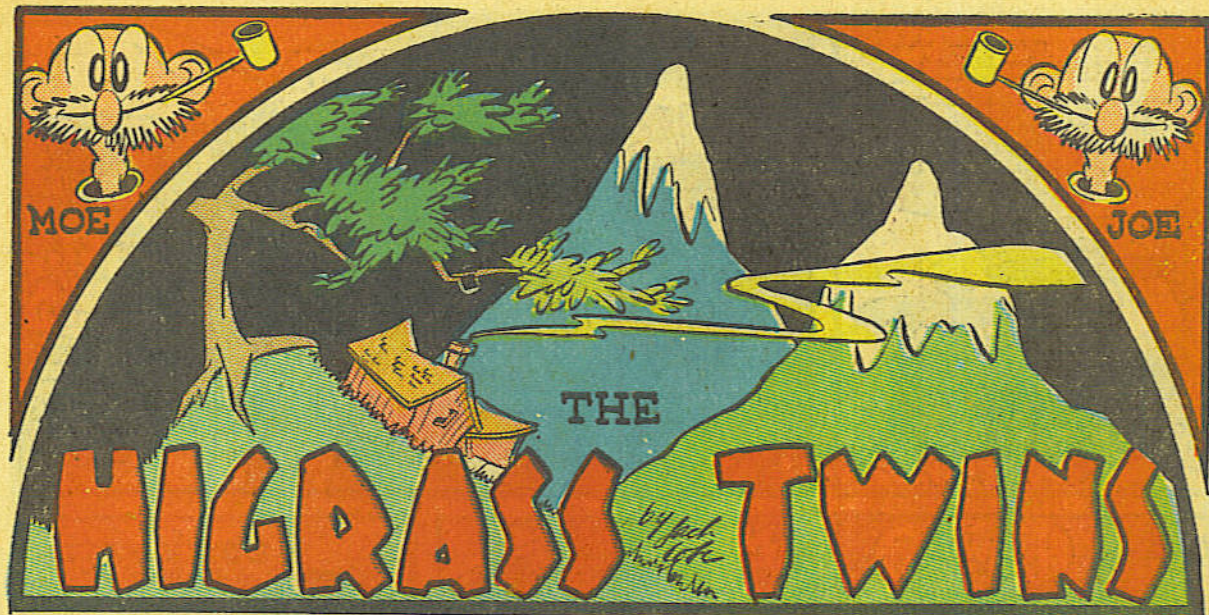
WHAT TH--



GREAT  
HEAVENS!  
WHAT WAS  
THAT?

THE END.







CAME THE DAY OF THE  
BIG CONTEST.

WE IS A CINCIN TUH  
WIN ON ACCOUNTA  
THARS TWO UV US  
WHICH MAKES US  
TWICE AS PURTY!



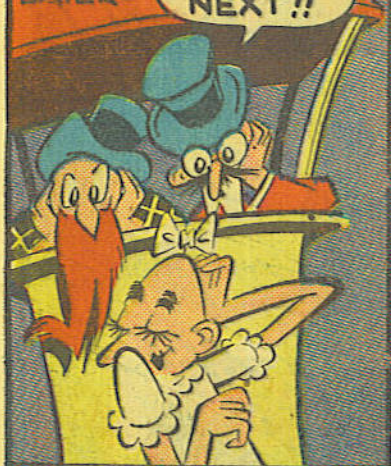
HYAR  
WE IS !!

END OF  
THE LINE!

JUDGE  
STAN

HOURS  
LATER.

HMMMM-  
NEXT !!

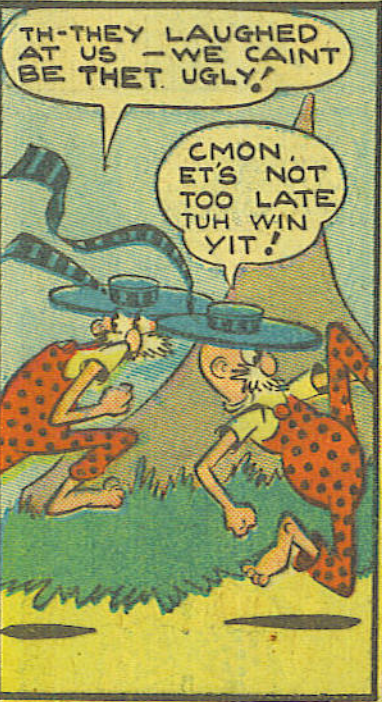


WHO  
LET THAT  
IN ??

GES  
AND



BOY WHATTA  
PUSS.!!



TH-THEY LAUGHED  
AT US - WE CAINT  
BE THET. UGLY!

CMON.  
ET'S NOT  
TOO LATE  
TUH WIN  
YIT!



SAY, DOC  
KIN YO -  
\*BLUB\*

CAN  
I? AN  
HOW!

FACE  
LIFT  
OR  
LOWER



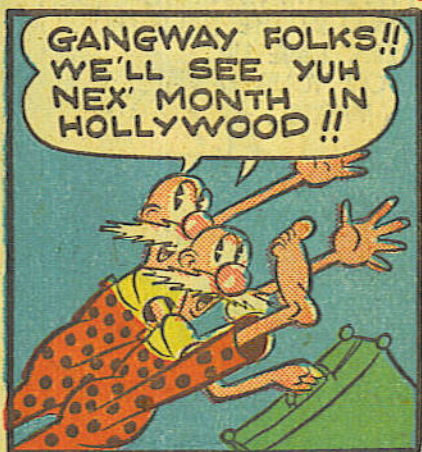
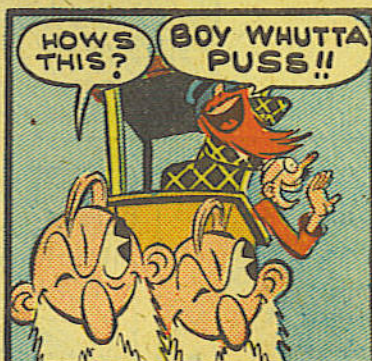
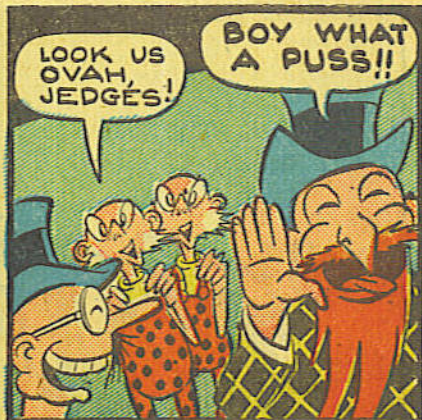
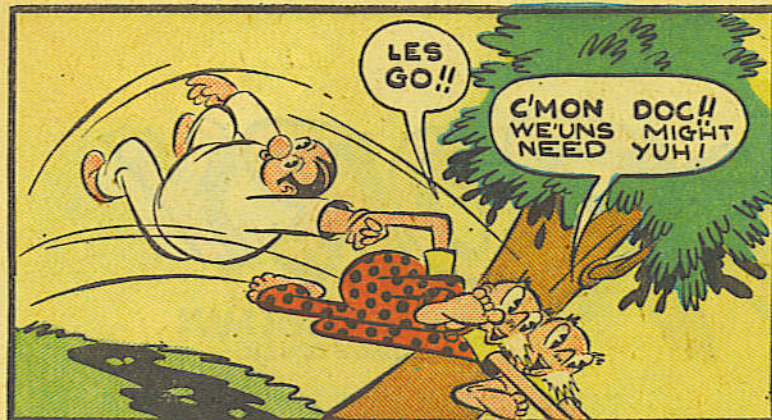
JUST WAIT



THERE

GREAT DAY - A  
GRAN NEW  
FACE!



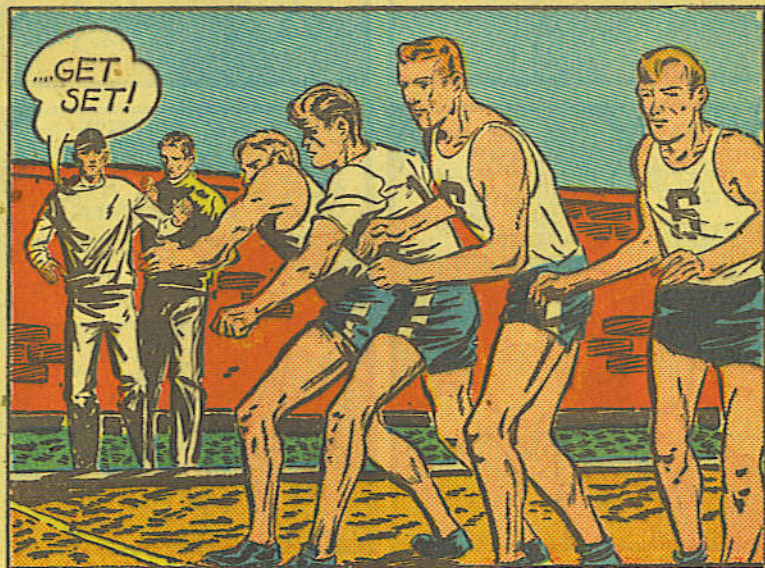
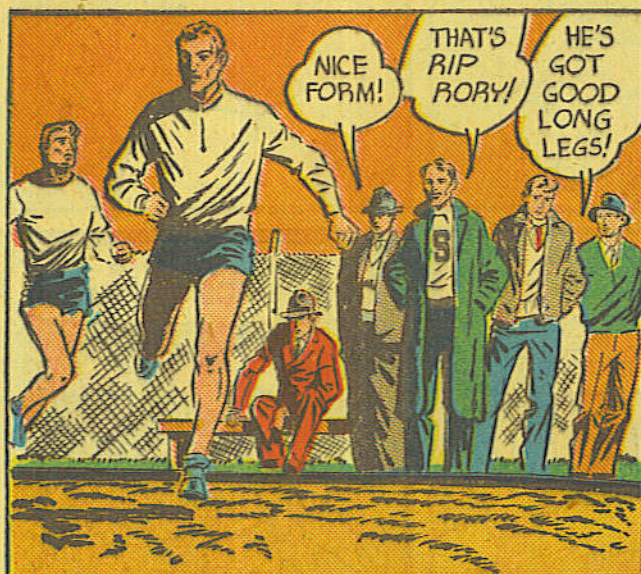




# "RIP" RORY

FOUR-LETTER MAN  
AT STATE COLLEGE.

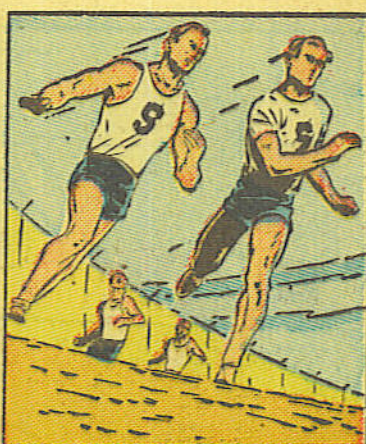
WITH THE CLOSE OF THE BASKETBALL SEASON, INTEREST AT "STATE COLLEGE" CENTERS ON TRACK... WILL RIP RORY PROVE AS VALUABLE TO THE TRACK TEAM AS HE DID TO THE BASKETBALL TEAM?... DOES BASKETBALL AND TRACK MIX SUCCESSFULLY?... RIP IS NOW OUT FOR TRACK... WE WATCH HIM BEING CLOCKED IN HIS FIRST TRIAL RUN...



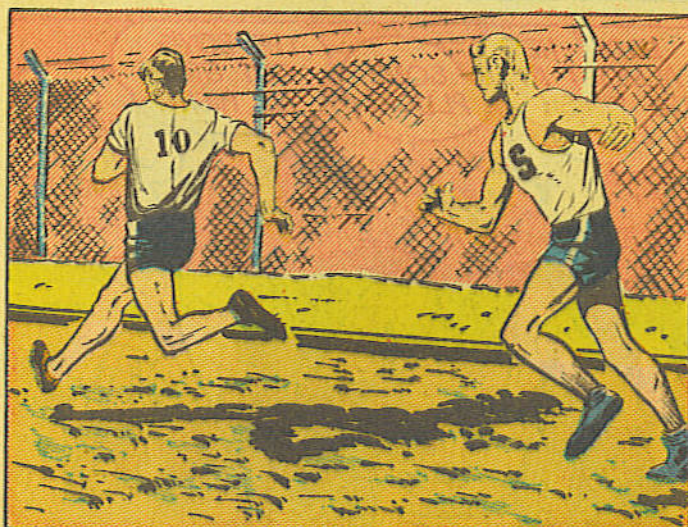




THE RUNNERS GET OFF TO A FLYING START WITH RIP RORY TAKING THE LEAD.



ANOTHER STATE RUNNER SHOOTS OUT FROM THE PACK IN THE REAR, COMES ABREAST OF RIP RORY....



..... AND SPRINTS AHEAD TO A GOOD LEAD!!



WELL, IF HE CAN STAND THAT PACE, SO CAN I!



HE'S FALLING FOR THAT PACE - SETTER WE SENT IN!

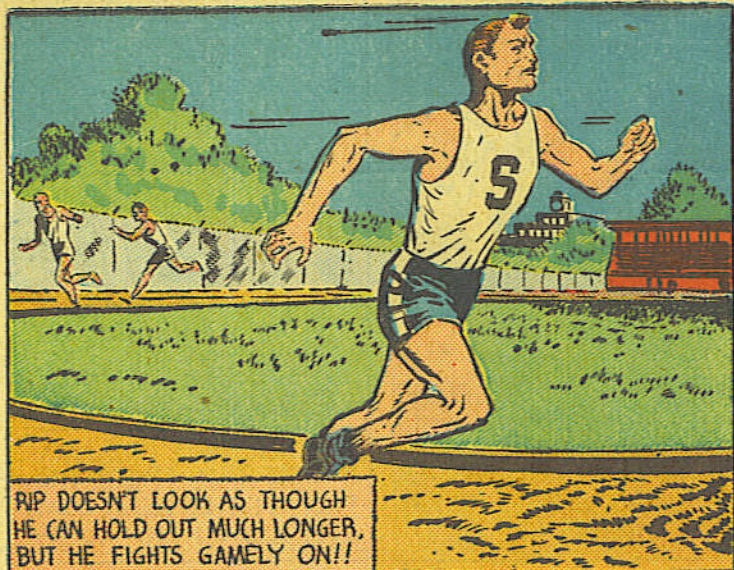
TOO BAD!-I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE SEEN RIP FINISH THE RACE!



OH, SO THAT'S YOUR GAME, EH? A PACER-GOTTA KEEP GOING!

THE RUNNER IN THE LEAD TURNS OUT TO BE A PACE-MAKER AND DROPS OUT AT THE QUARTER MARK

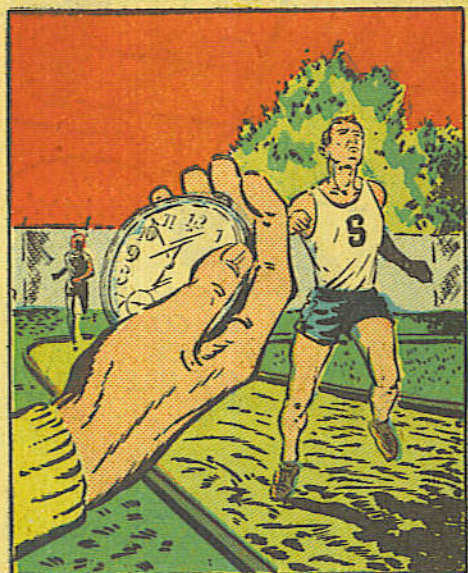




RIP DOESN'T LOOK AS THOUGH HE CAN HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER, BUT HE FIGHTS GAMELY ON!!

THE BOY'S GOT MORE FIGHT IN HIM THAN I THOUGHT!

HIS TIME IS TERRIFIC, NOW! IF HE CAN ONLY HOLD OUT AND FINISH!

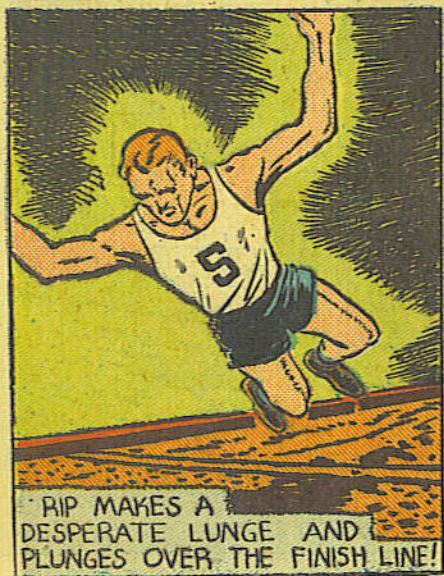


LOOK!- HE'S ALMOST AT THE FINISH LINE!

SOME PLUCK!

THE BOY'S GOT STUFF ALL RIGHT!

C'MON RIP!- I'VE GOT MY FINGERS CROSSED!



RIP MAKES A DESPERATE LUNGE AND PLUNGES OVER THE FINISH LINE!

1:51!



BOYS I WANT YOU TO WATCH YOUR TRAINING RULES... YOU'VE GOT TO BE IN TOP FORM FOR OUR DUEL MEET WITH EVERETTE COLLEGE.



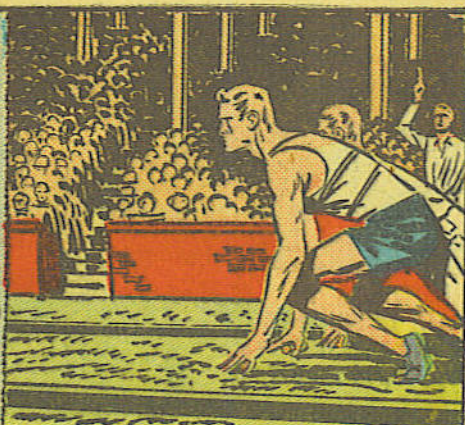
IN THE LOCKER ROOM LATER.



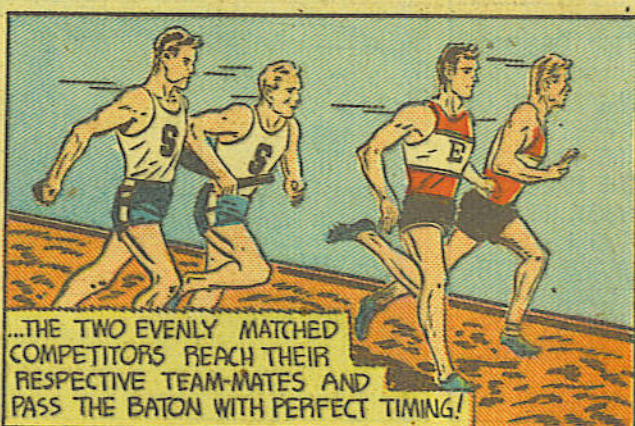
THE FOLLOWING WEEK FINDS STATE COLLEGE DEADLOCKED IN A BITTERLY CONTESTED DUEL MEET WITH EVERETTE COLLEGE....IN SPITE OF STATE TAKING MOST OF THE FIRST PLACES, EVERETTE COLLEGE HAS MANAGED TO KEEP THE MEET TIED UP, BY CAPTURING MOST OF THE SECOND AND THIRD PLACES....

THE SCORE STANDS 43 TO 43 AS THE TWO TEAMS GET SET FOR THE LAST AND DECIDING RACE OF THE MEET, THE MEDLEY RELAY... RIP, HAVING RESTED AFTER WINNING THE HALF MILE RUN EARLIER IN THE MEET, IS NOW PREPARED TO RUN AS ANCHOR MAN ON THE MEDLEY RELAY.....

A MEDLEY RELAY CONSISTS OF FOUR RUNNERS... EACH MAN RUNS A DIFFERENT DISTANCE, THE ORDER BEING 660 YARDS, 220 YARDS, 440 YARDS AND THE ANCHOR MAN WHO RUNS 880 YARDS OR A HALF MILE.



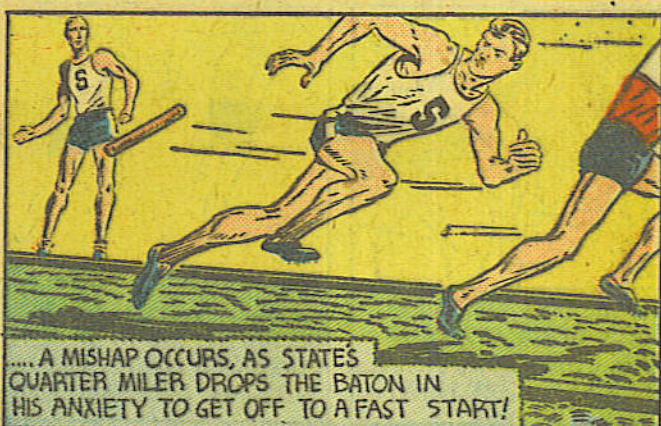
BOTH RUNNERS ARE OFF AT THE CRACK OF THE GUN!! THEY ARE ABOUT EVENLY MATCHED.... THE EVERETTE MAN SEEMS TO HAVE THE SLIGHT EDGE THOUGH.



...THE TWO EVENLY MATCHED COMPETITORS REACH THEIR RESPECTIVE TEAM-MATES AND PASS THE BATON WITH PERFECT TIMING!

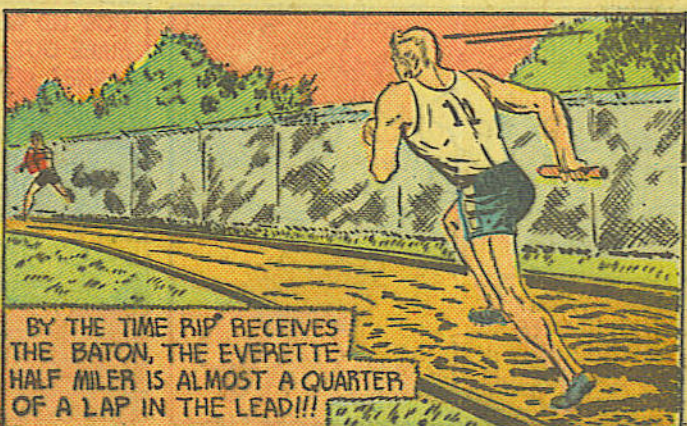


AGAIN THE TWO RUNNERS, THIS TIME THE 220 YARD MEN, SEEM EVENLY MATCHED... AS THEY REACH THE 440 YARD MEN AND PREPARE TO PASS THE BATON.....



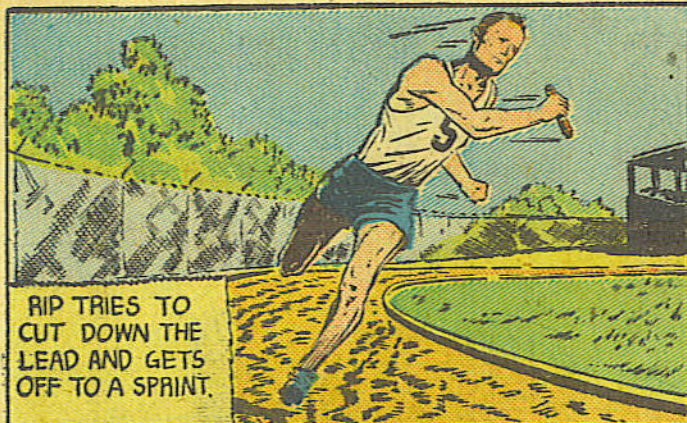
....A MISHAP OCCURS, AS STATE'S QUARTER MILLER DROPS THE BATON IN HIS ANXIETY TO GET OFF TO A FAST START!

RIP LOOKS ON IN DISMAY AS HIS TEAM MATE SCURRIES BACK TO PICK UP THE BATON... EVERETTE'S QUARTER MILLER PICKS UP A LEAD OF ALMOST A HALF LAP!!!



BY THE TIME RIP RECEIVES THE BATON, THE EVERETTE HALF MILLER IS ALMOST A QUARTER OF A LAP IN THE LEAD!!!



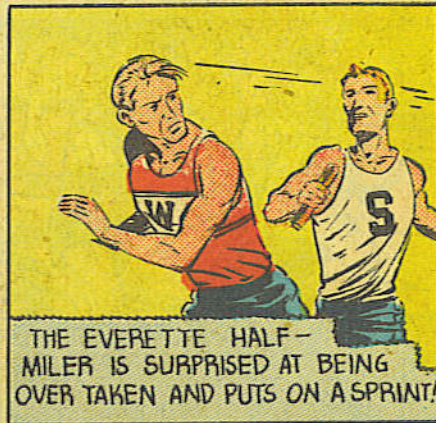
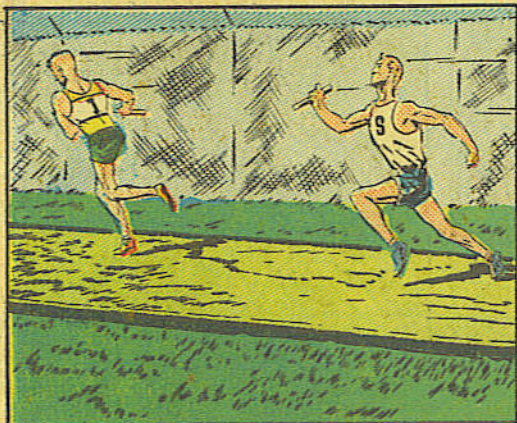


RIP TRIES TO CUT DOWN THE LEAD AND GETS OFF TO A SPRINT.

THAT LEAD'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO MAKE UP... GUESS I'LL GIVE IT ALL I CAN THEN DROP OUT!



RIP DECIDES THAT REGARDLESS OF WHETHER HE FINISHES THE RACE OR NOT, HE WILL AT LEAST MAKE STATE LOOK GOOD FOR A FEW MOMENTS.



THE EVERETTE HALF-MILER IS SURPRISED AT BEING OVERTAKEN AND PUTS ON A SPRINT!

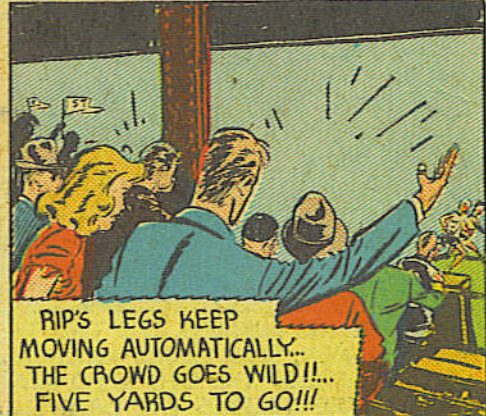


GOT TO... DROP OUT... NOW...

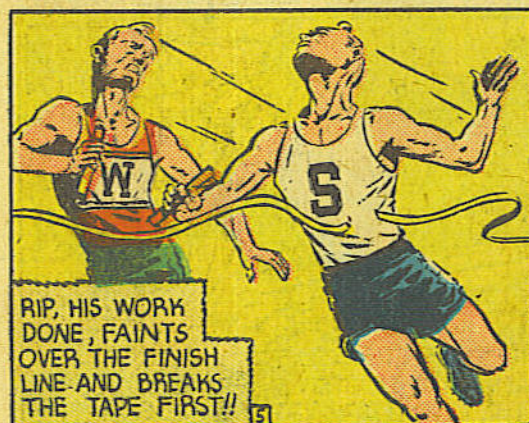
AT THE 660 MARK, RIP GETS READY TO DROP OUT....THE CROWD ROARS... HE CAN'T QUIT NOW!



RIP, DAZED, AND IN A SEMI-CONSCIOUS STATE, KEEPS RUNNING DESPERATELY!!



RIP'S LEGS KEEP MOVING AUTOMATICALLY... THE CROWD GOES WILD!!! FIVE YARDS TO GO!!!



RIP, HIS WORK DONE, FAINTS OVER THE FINISH LINE AND BREAKS THE TAPE FIRST!!



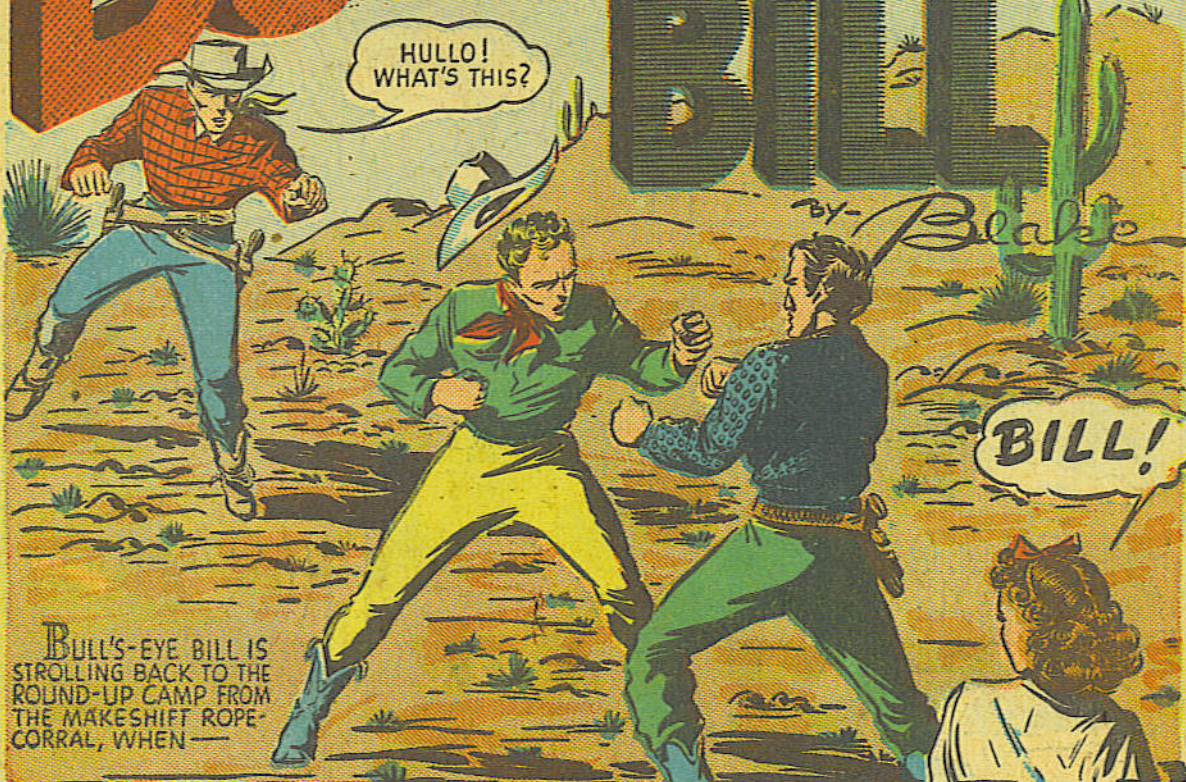
HOW DID WE MAKE OUT, ANNE?

YOU WON, RIP!... YOU WON!!

DO NOT MISS NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF "RIP" RORY IN TARGET COMICS



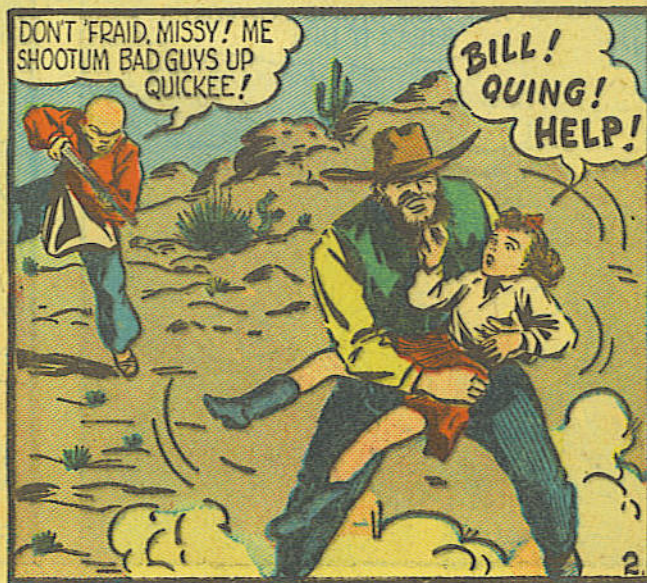
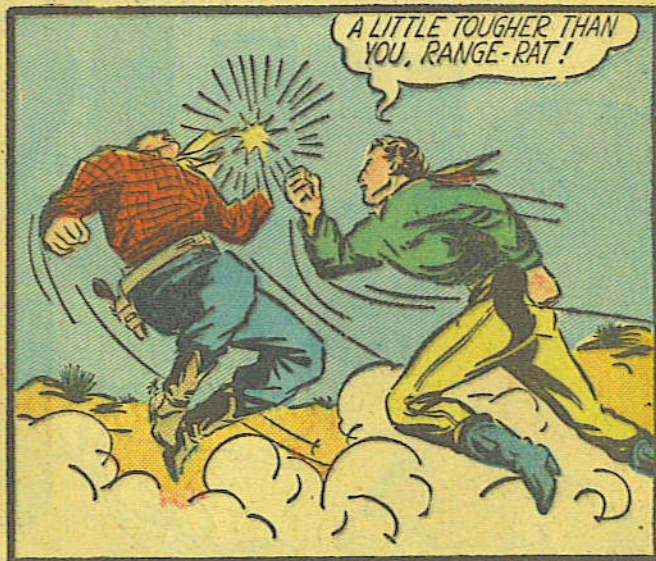
# BULL'S-EYE BILL



BULL'S-EYE BILL IS STROLLING BACK TO THE ROUND-UP CAMP FROM THE MAKESHIFT ROPE-CORRAL, WHEN—







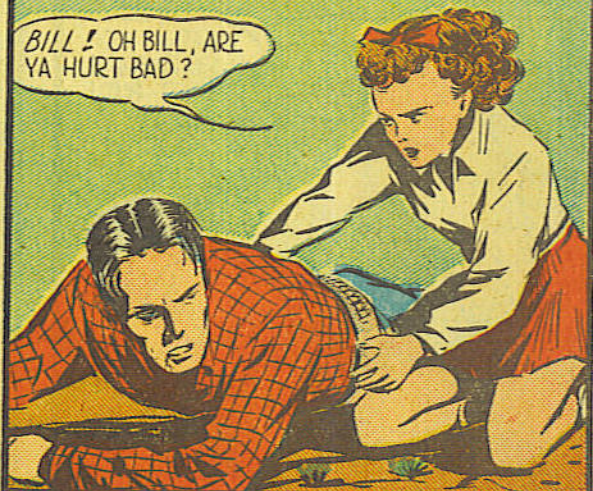


RAISING THE CARBINE TO HIS SHOULDER, QUING LETS  
FLY A BLAST OF LEAD—STRAIGHT INTO 'BLACKBEARD'S'  
HUGE FRAME!



DAWN RUSHES TO BILL'S INERT BODY, AND DROPS TO HER  
KNEES BESIDE HIM—

BILL! OH BILL, ARE  
YA HURT BAD?



NOPE—DON'T RECKON I AM—  
BUT HONEYCHILE WHAT'RE  
YOU-ALL DOIN' HERE IN CAMP—  
AN' WHAT WUZ ALL THIS  
FRACAS ABOUT??

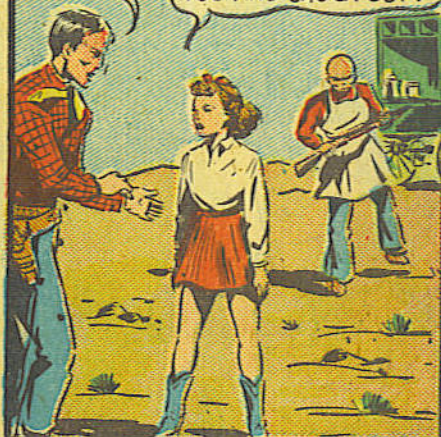


I-I CAME OUT WITH TED  
CAMERON— H-HE WANTED  
TO SEE WHAT A ROUND-UP  
CAMP LOOKS LIKE—

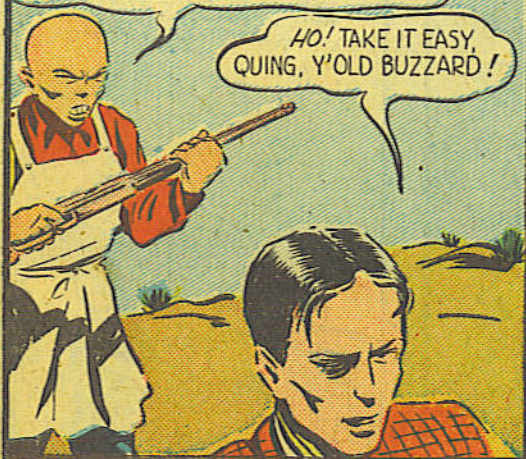


TED CAMERON?  
WHO'S HE?

H-HE'S THE D-DUDE  
THAT JEST KNOCKED  
YOU AND CHUCK OUT!



WHATS? TEND'FEETS? TEND'FEETS KNOCKUM-  
OUT ME BOSSY? ME KILLUM LIKE HAPPY HURRY!  
WHERE-UM AT, THISSY HERE TEND'FEETS? QUING  
KNOCKUM HIM OUT— F'GOODSIES!!!



HO! TAKE IT EASY,  
QUING, Y'OLD BUZZARD!

IT'S TOO LATE, QUING—  
HE'S GONE— BUT  
WASN'T HE  
WUNNERFUL!?!?

QUING NO LIKEE YOU TALKEE  
THISAWAY 'BOUT BAD  
ENEMIES—YOU SHUTTY-UP!!





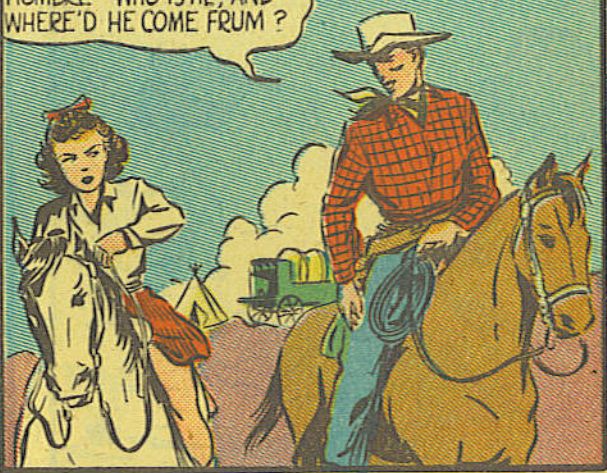
BILL AND DAWN MOUNT THEIR PONIES, TO RIDE  
BACK TO BILL'S RANCH -

WHADDYA MEAN, "WONDERFUL",  
CHICKEN? HE DURN NEAR  
MASSACRED ME, DIDN'T HE?

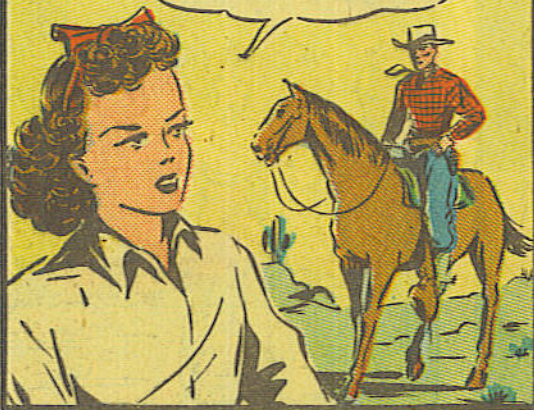
WA-AL-HE-HE  
IS A WUNNERFUL  
FIGHTER - BUT I  
THINK YOU'RE LOTS  
NICER, BILL!



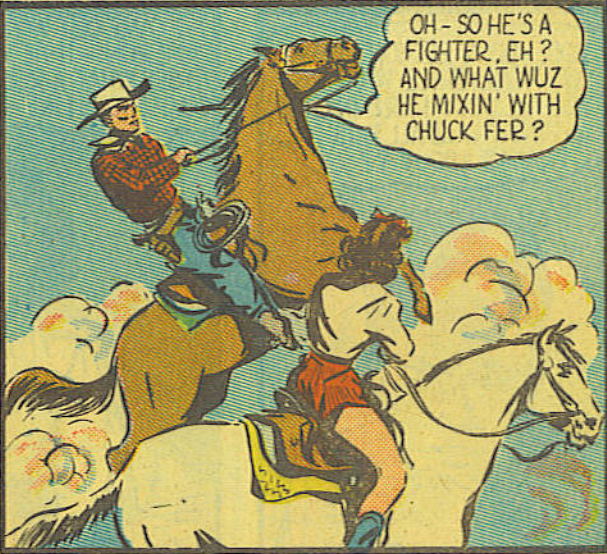
SURE - SURE, LITTLE BIT - I UNDERSTAND!  
BUT TELL ME MORE ABOUT THIS CAMERON  
HOMBRE - WHO IS HE, AND  
WHERE'D HE COME FRUM?



WA-AL, HE'S A COLLEGE GRADUATE - A FRIEND OF  
ONE OF DAD'S FORMER PARTNERS - AND HE'S OUT  
HERE FOR HIS HEALTH - HE WAS A BOXER, OR  
SOMETHIN' IN SCHOOL, AN' SOMETHIN' WENT  
WRONG WITH HIS LUNGS -



OH - SO HE'S A  
FIGHTER, EH?  
AND WHAT WUZ  
HE MIXIN' WITH  
CHUCK FER?



TED JUST RESENTED CHUCK'S  
REMARK THAT YOU DIDN'T LIKE  
"LITTLE INFANTS"  
HANGIN' ROUND  
YOUR CAMP -

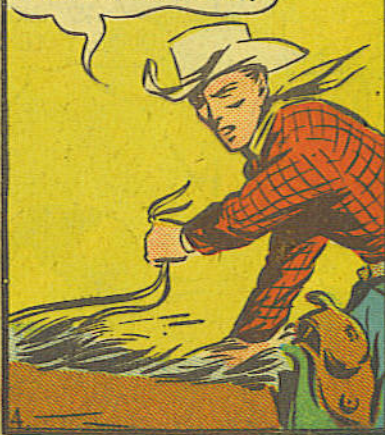
I SEE - BUT  
WHO'S THE  
OTHER GUY -  
THE BIG BEARDED  
LUG?



GEE, I DUNNO, BILL - I NEVER  
SAW HIM BEFORE - DON'T KNOW  
WHERE HE COULD'VE COME FRUM -  
ACTED LIKE HE WUZ A FRIEND OF  
TED'S, THOUGH - BOY HOWDY,  
HE SURE HAD ME **SCARED!**



C'MON, BUNNY - WE'RE NOT GOIN'  
TO TH' RANCH - WE'RE GONNA GO  
STRAIGHT T' TOWN AN' FIND OUT  
WHAT TH' SHERIFF KNOWS ABOUT  
THOSE TWO COYOTES !!





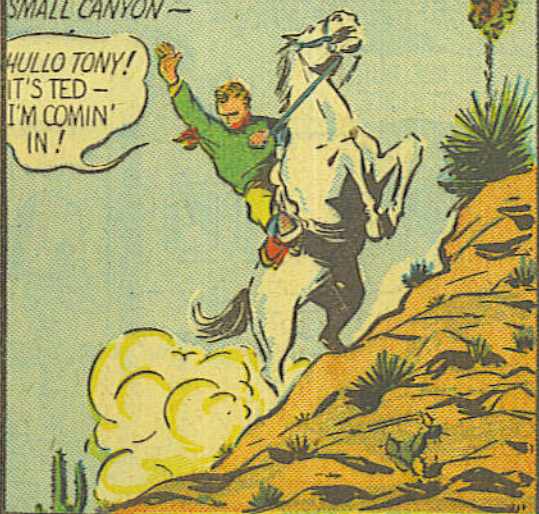
IN THE MEANTIME, CAMERON GALLOPS OVER A LITTLE-USED BACK TRAIL TO THE HILLS—

CONFOUND IT—MIGHT'VE KNOWN THAT DUMB CLUCK'D MESS THINGS UP! THE LITTLE CHINAMAN BUMPED HIM—NOW I'LL HAVE TO SQUARE IT WITH THE BIG SHOT—AND I'M IN DUTCH WITH "BULL'S-EYE" BILL TARGET EVEN BEFORE I'VE BEEN INTRODUCED TO HIM!



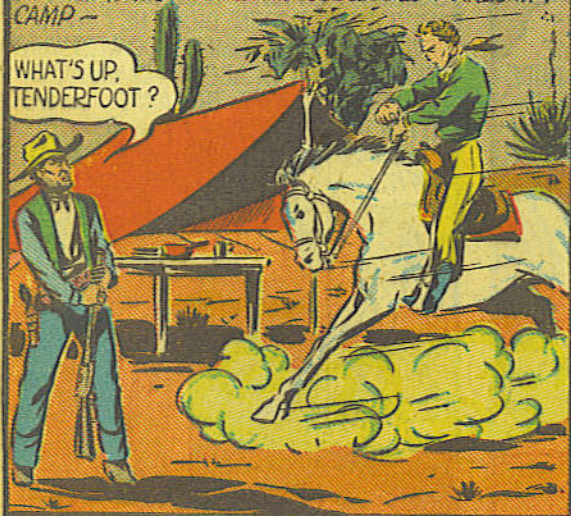
—AND REARS HIS HORSE ON THE LEDGE OF A SMALL CANYON—

HULLO TONY!  
IT'S TED—  
I'M COMIN'  
IN!



THEN CRASHES DOWN INTO A SECLUDED MAKESHIFT CAMP—

WHAT'S UP,  
TENDERFOOT?



CAN THE "TENDERFOOT" STUFF, WISEGUY! I'M IN A JAM—THAT STUPID BLACKBEARD JUST GOT CROAKED OVER AT TARGET'S CAMP, AND I JUST TANGLED WITH TARGET HIMSELF—WE GOTTA TELL THE CHIEF—BLACKBEARD HAD THE PAPERS LAST TIME I SAW HIM, AND THEY MUST BE IN HIS POCKET YET!



THEY ARE STUPID! NOW WOT'LL WE DO? YOU GOTTA GIT THEM DOCKYMINTS BACK, AN' GIT 'EM PRONTO! TH' BOSS'LL BE HERE ANY MINIT! NOW VAMOS—AND GIT THEM PAPERS!



CAMERON WHEELS HIS HORSE, AND DASHES BACK TOWARD BILL'S CAMP—

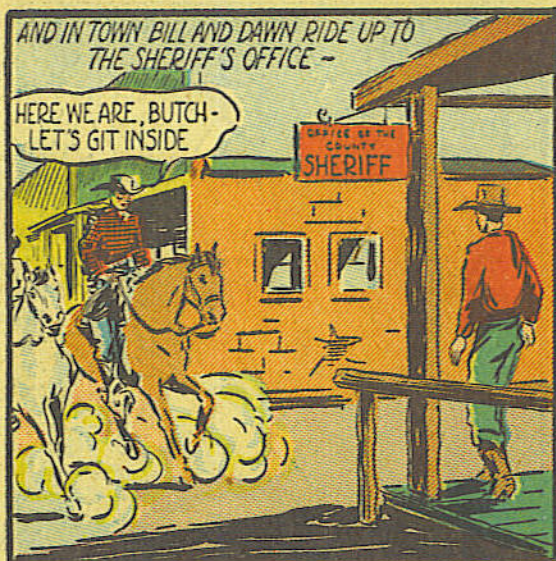
LEAVE IT TO A DUMB DUDE TO BALL THINGS UP!





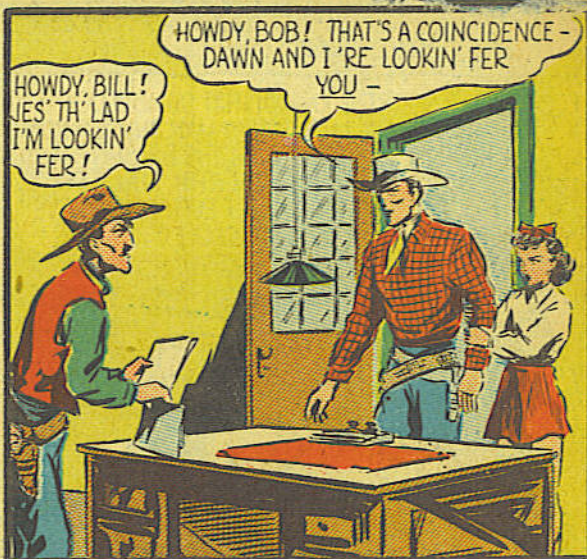
AND IN TOWN BILL AND DAWN RIDE UP TO  
THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE -

HERE WE ARE, BUTCH -  
LET'S GIT INSIDE



HOWDY, BILL!  
JES' TH' LAD  
I'M LOOKIN'  
FER!

HOWDY, BOB! THAT'S A COINCIDENCE -  
DAWN AND I 'RE LOOKIN' FER  
YOU -



YEAH? WHAT'S WRONG NOW?  
YER PAL CASEY IN TROUBLE  
AGIN?

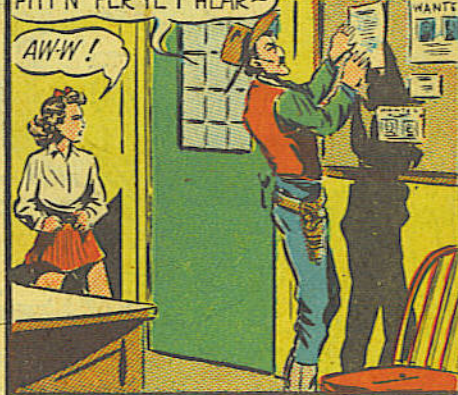


NAW - IT AIN'T STEVE THIS  
TIME, BOB - I WANT SOME  
INFORMATION ABOUT A DUDE  
NAMED "CAMERON" - A FRIEND  
OF DAWN'S PAW, I UNDERSTAND -  
WAADD'YA KNOW  
ABOUT HIM?



CAMERON? OH YEAH - BLEW INTO TOWN  
JES' T'OTHER EVENIN', DIDN'T HE? WAAL,  
NOW, HE MAY HAVE SUMP'N T'DO WITH WHAT  
I WANNA TALK T'YA ABOUT - DAWN, YE'D  
BETTER GIT ON HOME - THIS AIN'T  
FITT'N' FER YE T'HEAR -

AW-W!



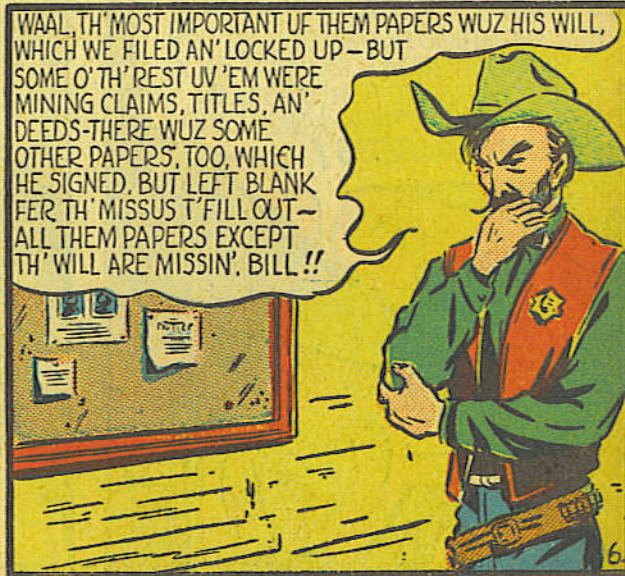
DAWN LEAVES, DISGRUNTLED, AND THE SHERIFF  
GIVES BILL SOME INTERESTING NEWS ....

BILL, Y' REMEMBER SOMETIME BACK WHEN  
DAWN'S PAW, OLD MAN PARSONS, WAS SICKLY  
HE MADE OUT SOME PAPERS,  
THINKIN' HE MIGHT KICK  
TH' BUCKET - ?

YEAH .... GO ON!



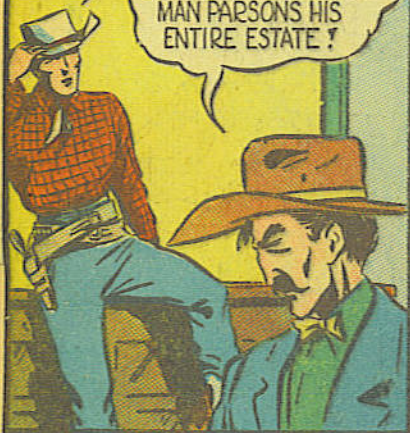
WAAL, TH' MOST IMPORTANT UF THEM PAPERS WUZ HIS WILL,  
WHICH WE FILED AN' LOCKED UP - BUT  
SOME O' TH' REST UV 'EM WERE  
MINING CLAIMS, TITLES, AN'  
DEEDS - THERE WUZ SOME  
OTHER PAPERS, TOO, WHICH  
HE SIGNED, BUT LEFT BLANK  
FER TH' MISSUS T' FILL OUT -  
ALL THEM PAPERS EXCEPT  
TH' WILL ARE MISSIN'. BILL !!





OH! THAT  
AIN'T SO  
GOOD!

"AIN'T SO GOOD" IS RIGHT!  
THEM PAPERS, IF THEY  
WUZ FILLED OUT BY SOME  
CROOK, COULD COST OLD  
MAN PARSONS HIS  
ENTIRE ESTATE!



ANY IDEAS AS  
TO WHO COULD'VE  
TAKEN 'EM?

AIN'T NO ONE COULD  
-OR WOULD- 'CEPT  
MEBBE THET YOUNG  
CAMERON STRANGER  
WHO'S BEEN STAYIN'  
AT PARSONS'  
RANCH -

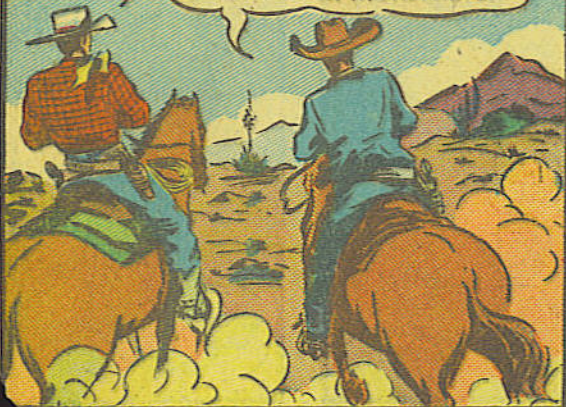


WAAL, C'MON -LET'S GO OUT TO  
PARSONS' NOW, AND TAKE A  
LOOK AROUND



ANY OTHER STRANGERS  
BEEN SEEN AROUND  
PARSONS' PLACE?

YEAH -THE OLD MAN TELLS ME  
HE HIRED A NEW GUY YESTER-  
DAY - A BIG HEAVY-BEARDED  
MAN NAMED HURSTON - PARSONS  
HIRED HIM FOR THE ROUND-UP



BIG BEARDED GUY, EH? THAT'S FUNNY-I RAN INTO  
CAMERON TODAY. OUT AT MY CAMP, AND HAD A TUSSELE  
WITH HIM - HE CAUGHT ME OFF-GUARD WHEN I TURNED  
TO SEE SOMEONE COMIN' UP BEHIND ME -A BIG  
BEARDED GUY, BY THE WAY -AND CAMERON  
KNOCKED ME OUT AND GOT  
AWAY -QUING SHOT AND  
KILLED THE BIG GUY -  
WONDER IF HE WUZ  
PARSONS' MAN?



A FEW MINUTES LATER THEY TALK WITH PARSONS -

HOWDY, MR. PARSONS -  
UNDERSTAND YOU'RE  
HAVIN' A LITTLE  
TROUBLE?

SURE AM, SON - LOST SOME  
MIGHTY VALUABLE DOCUMENTS -  
AND SHERIFF, THAT NEW MAN I  
HIRED HAS DISAPPEARED - PETER  
SAYS HE RODE OFF THIS MORNING,  
HEADED TOWARD  
AGUILA -

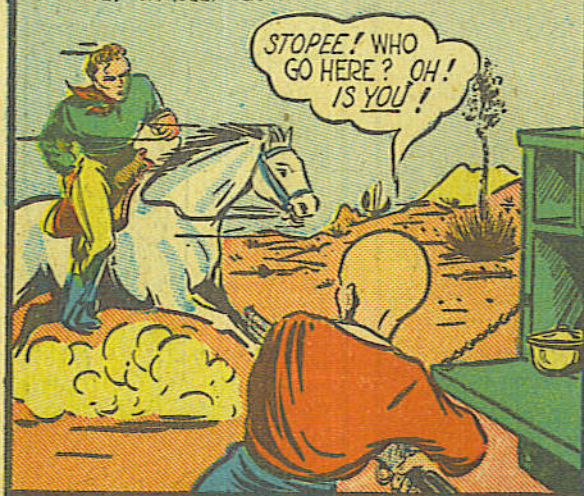


HEADED WEST, EH? THEN HE'D HAFTA RUN  
ACROSS MY CAMP - THAT MUST BE THE HOMBRE  
QUING KILLED! LET'S  
GIT OUT THERE  
FAST, BOB!

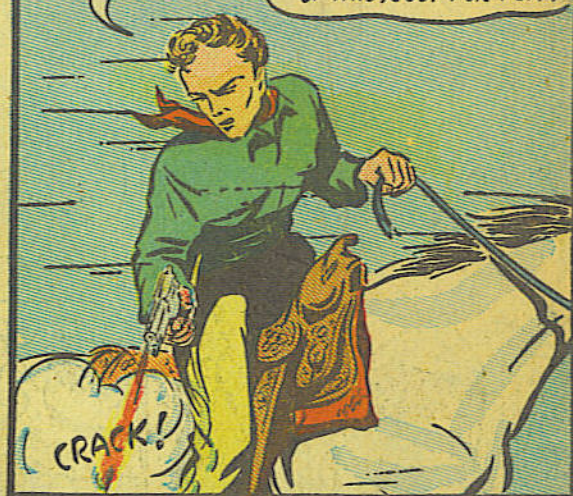




OUT AT THE CAMP, CAMERON TEARS UP TO QUING, WHO PROMPTLY CHALLENGES HIM—



YEAH, "IS ME," YOU LITTLE RAT! NOW DIG— OF THIS, JUST FOR FUN!



SWELL! WITH THESE SIGNED PAPERS I'LL HAVE PARSONS IN A BAD SPOT! HE KILLED MY OLD MAN TEN YEARS AGO FOR LIFTING A LITTLE CASH—AND HE'S GOING TO PAY FOR IT NOW! STUPID FOOL—HE THINKS THAT I'M HIS PARTNER'S SON—IF HE ONLY KNEW! AND TRENT—HE THINKS I'M GETTING THESE PAPERS FOR HIM—HA!—HE'S GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING!—NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE—HEAD FOR THE CITY, AND TAKE CARE OF SOME SMALL-SIZED FORGERY!—AND LET PARSONS LAUGH THAT OFF! IF TRENT WANTS TO GET HIM TOO, HE CAN GET HIM HIMSELF—THIS IS MY PARTY!



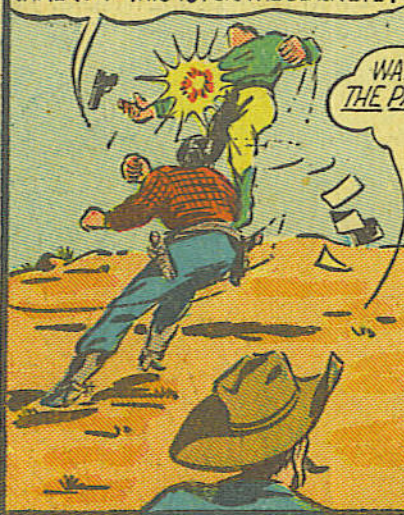
HAVING WOUNDED QUING, CAMERON LEAPS FROM HIS HORSE AND DROPS BESIDE HURSTON'S DEAD BODY, GRABBING THE PAPERS FROM HIS VEST—



TAKE IT EASY, PRETTY BOY!



TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY, THEY SAY, CAMERON—THIS IS FOR THE BLACK EYE!



WAIT, BILL! THE PAPERS!

YEAH—ALLOF 'EM! CAMERON WILL HAVE A SWEET TIME EXPLAININ' THIS!

PARSONS' PAPERS?



AND SO TO THE COUNTY JAIL FOR CAMERON, AND THE HOSPITAL FOR QUING—BUT WHAT ABOUT DAWN? SHE SEEMS TO LIKE TED—PERHAPS SHE'LL—BUT NO! LET'S WAIT UNTIL NEXT MONTH, AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS IN THE NEXT ISSUE

OF  
your  
**TARGET**  
COMICS